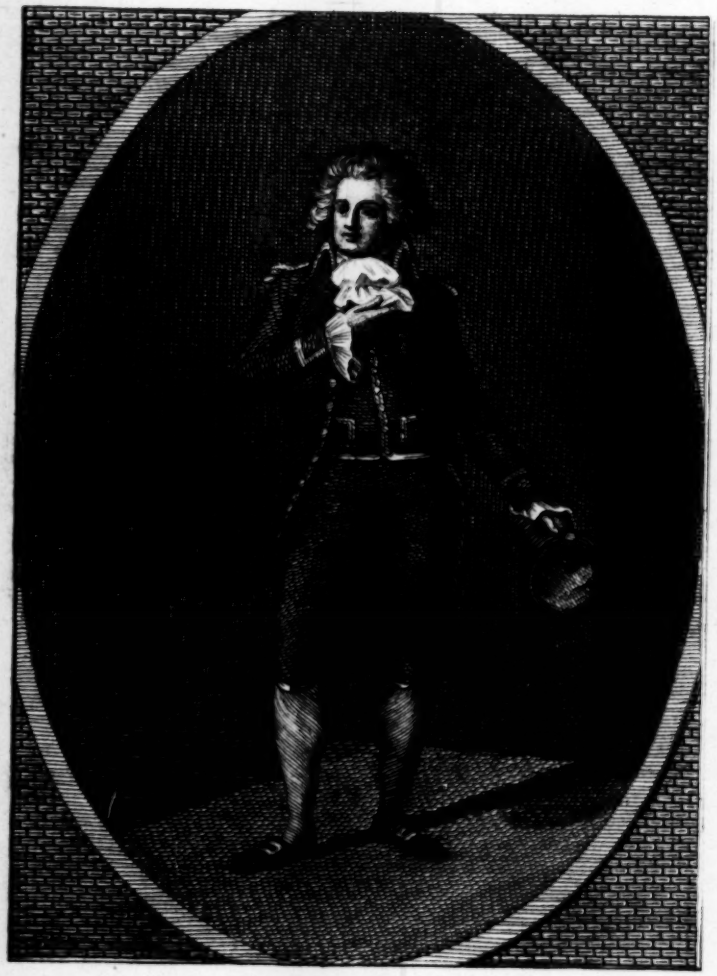

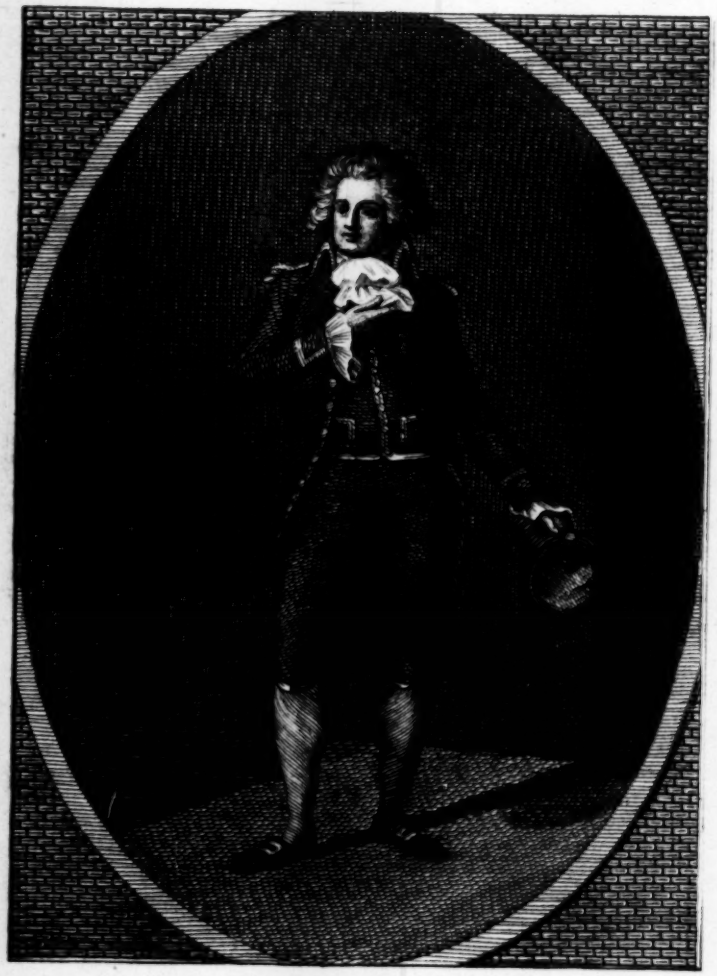

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION on Oratory and Acting *page* 1
The Spouter's Prologue — 18
Prologue to the Farce called the Spouter 18
The curious Traveller's Addreſs to the Spouters 19
Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Palmer at the opening the Royalty Theatre — 23
Prologue to the Man-Milliner — 25
——— Such Things Are — 26
——— Seduction — 30
——— Diſtreſs'd Baronet — 33
——— Bonds without Judgment 35
——— Midnight Hour — 36
——— Firſt Floor — 38
——— a private Play performed by young Gentlemen — — 40
Shuter's Trip to Paris — — 42
Prologue to Author, or Old Man's Son and Aſs 44
——— New Peerage — 46
——— Country Attorney 49
——— Turk and no Turk 53
——— I'll Tell you What 56
——— Mrs. Warren's firſt Appearance 58
——— Bon Ton — 60
——— by Foote on his firſt Performance at Dublin — — 62
Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee — 63
Prologue to Spaniſh Barber — 65
——— occaſional, ſpoken by Mrs. Barry 66
——— Appearance is againſt Them 67
——— Captives — 69
——— Werter — 72
——— Widow's Vow — 75
——— at the opening the Haymarket Theatre 77
——— Diſbanded Officer — 79
——— Heireſs — 82
——— Tit for Tat — 84
——— He wou'd be a Soldier 87
——— School for Grey-Beards 89
——— Mary Queen of Scots 92
——— Falſe Appearances — 95
——— Family Party — 98
——— Iſland of St. Marguerite 100
——— occaſional, by Mr. PARSLEY, *in the character* of Harlequin — 101

Prologue to Adventurers —— page 102
—— Arden of Feversham 103
—— Dramatist —— 104
Epilogue by Mr. Shuter, in the character of a Man-Midwife —— 22
—— to Such Things Are — 28
—— Seduction —— 31
—— Merry Wives of Windsor 41
—— New Peerage —— 47
—— Country Attorney — 50
—— Vimonda —— 51
—— Turk and no Turk 55
—— I'll Tell You What — 57
—— Captives — 71
—— Werter —— 74
—— Disbanded Officer — 80
—— Heiress —— 83
—— Tit for Tat —— 85
—— He wou'd be a Soldier — 87
—— School for Grey-Beards 90
—— Mary Queen of Scots 93
—— False Appearances — 96
—— Dramatist —— 106
Sextus Quintilius, a Burlesque Tragedy 107
Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy on his Fall 109
Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother marrying his Uncle —— 109
Othello's Soliloquy on his Marriage 110

To the READER.

THE Editors of this Publication beg leave to inform their numerous Friends that they have another Collection of Theatrical Amusements in forwardness for the Press; and that their kind Assistance in forwarding any favourite Pieces adapted to such Publication, will be thankfully acknowledged and inserted on being left with J. BARKER, *Bookseller, Russell-Court, Drury-Lane: where all Sorts of Plays, Farces, Oratorios, &c. may be had, (if in Print.)*

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INTRODUCTION.

" *Poets* are BORN, but *Orators* are taught.

THE natural requiſitions for an orator, are generally allowed to be, a voice harmonious, and capable of modulation, a free deportment, and eaſy action, joined to a perſon not diſguſting, a heart capable of feeling all the paſſions of the ſoul, with a countenance ſufficiently expreſſive of their ſtrongeſt emotions. Where theſe are entirely wanting, we may ſafely pronounce, that however learning and judgment may ſet the orator above abſolute contempt, it is yet impoſſible that he ſhould ever become capital in his profeſſion.

In the firſt place, it will be highly neceſſary to avoid thoſe improper cadences, generally known by the appellation of *tones*, which riſing and falling by one ſettled mode, without regarding ſtops, pauſes, or emphaſis, render all ſubjects alike in the repetition, and in verſe eſpecially, very much reſembling an ill-imitated ballad, attempted to be ſung by a ſchool-boy.

Theſe are apt to miſtake the energy with which a good ſpeaker reads or repeats for a ſettled tone, which they think themſelves bound, on all occaſions, alike to imitate; whereas no-

thing can be more abſurd than ſuch a ſuppoſition, ſince the graceful cadence of voice, in this caſe, depends chiefly on attention to the particular ſubject with which it muſt vary, and by laying a ſtrong emphaſis on thoſe words which are moſt ſtriking in every ſentence.—Let theſe be duly attended to by the learner, and if there be any thing more of grace or energy, it will follow of courſe, but can never be agreeable when it is in the leaſt conſtrained or affected.

As examples of the ill effect of theſe unnatural tones and cadences, on the one hand, and of the great beauty of juſt placed emphaſis on the other.

Suppoſe the following verſes to be repeated with a tone, the *italics* will mark the falſe reſts or emphaſis:

"Go, *then*, my muſe, thy unfledg'd *pinions* try;
"Go, *ſoar* aloft, unpractis'd yet to fly;
"Go, *through* the fields of *wid'ning Æther* roam;
"Go, *but* remember *thou* waſt ſafe at home."

How differently will a good reader recite them; moſt probably in the following manner:

"Go, then, my muſe! thy *unfledg'd* pinions try;
"Go, ſoar aloft, *unpractis'd* yet to fly,
"Go, through the fields of wid'ning *Æther* roam,
"Go, but remember thou waſt SAFE at home."

Many more examples might be adduced, but we conceive the above ſufficient for conviction; and we cannot help adding, that however rooted this ill habit of counting out what they repeat may be in ſome people, yet there is one ſimple

document, which, if they can properly comprehend and will duly attend to, cannot fail of removing it. If they would only take the pains to recite the words or writings of *others* in the ſame plain, eaſy, unaffected, yet forcible manner as they generally do their own, they would be certain from ſuch a practice, to get rid of theſe falſe tones at leaſt, and if poſſeſſed of other requiſites for oratory, the reſt would follow of courſe.

The principal requiſites for a good actor, ſuch we mean as would figure in capital parts, are generally the ſame with thoſe neceſſary for an orator of any kind. But his accompliſhments ſhould be ſtill more extenſive in the augmentative parts, as he ought to be poſſeſſed of almoſt every power of perſuaſion, or otherwiſe he will never find himſelf regarded with any particular degree of attention.

Though the general rules for pleading and ſpeaking, as laid down for the cloſet, the bar, or the pulpit, may, with propriety, be applied alſo to the ſtage, yet it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the laſt of theſe requires perſonal accompliſhments, exertion of abilities, and juſtneſs of action and expreſſion, more than either of the former. As to the *ſingle* article of reading, it is well known, that a very good reader, often make but an indifferent player, and that there are thoſe who have harangued in aſſemblies with a degree of applauſe, who have yet cut but a very poor figure on the ſtage.

For the player is more expoſed to public view and criticiſm, and his excellencies and defects more ſtrongly contraſted, while his field of ac-

tion is generally longer than that of any public ſpeaker; his voice, therefore, requires greater modulation, his action ſhould be ſtronger and more frequent; and he muſt beſides, acquire the peculiar manner of the ſtage, in order to ſucceed in his profeſſion*.

Emphaſis and action, which are natural to every orator, are doubly ſo to a theatrical performer, eſpecially the latter, without which, the moſt harmonious voice, with the utmoſt propriety of diction, will ever prove frigid and unaffected. For, if he fail to move the paſſions of men, what is the actor? a mere lifeleſs figure, or (if we may be allowed the expreſſion) no more than a ſpeaking ſtatue.

Before we conclude this eſſay, we ſhall take notice of ſome of the moſt remarkable paſſions or affections of the human mind, and give ſome hints to the young actors how they may beſt be expreſſed, ſo as to leave a proper impreſſion upon the audience.

GRAVITY is, in general, beſt expreſſed by a ſteadineſs of features, the eyebrows, in caſe of deep contemplation, verging towards a frown, or if excited by religious objects, frequently caſt up to heaven, then ſuddenly bent down again towards the earth. If joined to curioſity, and interrupted by frequent pauſes, it admits of ſome variation, and a cadence of voice more altered than otherwiſe, belong to it. Of this latter ſort are moſt of our fineſt ſoliloquies.

---

* It has been obſerved, that there are thoſe who carry the theatrical accent to ſuch an extreme, as to produce a cant, and walk the ſtage with all the ſtiffneſs of a new-trained recruit.------ Theſe are bad habits, which require correction.

It muſt be ſo—*Plato* thou *reaſon'ſt well*—
Elſe whence this *pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,*
This *longing* after *immortality?*
Or whence this *ſecret dread* and *inward horror*
Of *falling* into *nought?*—Why *ſhrinks* the *ſoul*
Back on *herſelf* and ſtartles at *deſtruction?*
'Tis the *divinity* that *ſtirs within us;*
'Tis *heav'n itſelf* that *points out* an *Hereafter,*
And *intimates eternity* to man.
Eternity;—thou *pleaſing*——*dreadful thought;*
Through what *variety* of *untry'd being,*
Through what *new ſcenes* and *changes muſt we paſs*
The *wide,* th' *unbounded proſpect* lies before *me;*
But *ſhadows, clouds,* and *darkneſs, reſt* upon it.
Here *will* I *hold.* If there's a *power above us,*
And *that there is,* all *nature* cries aloud
Through *all* her works—He *muſt delight* in virtue,
And that, which *He delights* in *muſt be happy.*
But *when!*—or *where!*—*This world* was made for *Cæſar:*
I'm *weary of conjectures*—*This* muſt *end them;*
Thus am I *doubly arm'd;* My *death,* my *life,*
My *bane,* and *antidote,* are *both* before me;
This—in a *moment* brings me to an *end,*
Whilſt *this* informs me I ſhall *never die:*
The *ſoul ſecur'd* in her *exiſtence ſmiles*
At the *drawn dagger* and *defies* its *point:*
The *ſtars* ſhall *fade away,* the *ſun himſelf*
Grow *dim* with *age.* and nature ſink in *years;*
But *thou* ſhalt *flouriſh* in *immortal youth,*
Unhurt amidſt the *war* of *elements,*
The *wrecks* of matter; and the *cruſh* of *worlds.*

PERPLEXITY is beſt repreſented by ſudden and violent agitation of the body, abrupt pauſes, and broken ſentences.—The action in this caſe, is generally irregular and various, according to the different degrees in which the mind is affected.

HOPE brightens the countenance, and is expreſſed by an eager and wiſhful look, tinged ſometimes with joy, but not entirely free from the check of uncertainty. The arms ſpread out as if to catch the object; ſmiles on the cheek ſuddenly repreſſed, and as ſuddenly riſing again, are expreſſive of ſuch a ſituation.

JOY being the completition of Hope, is beſt expreſſive, if tranquil, by a compoſed countenance brightened with ſmiles; if carried to rapture, it raiſes the tone of voice, and, as it were, heightens every feature. If in comedy, it is ſometimes well expreſſed by clapping of hands, leaping, and other ſuch ſigns of exultation.

COURAGE is expreſſed by a bold open countenance, and a voice ſtrong and even.

BOASTING and THREATENING, are in many reſpects alike, ſignified by diſtorted features and brandiſhed arms, only ſomewhat more of terror ſhould appear in the latter than the former.

GRIEF, when it is not accompanied with rage, is chiefly diſtinguiſhed by a dejected countenance, uplifted hands, a tremulous tone of voice, and eyes ſtreaming with teers.—If joined to rage, diſtorted features, a deſpondent tone of voice, with moſt violent agitation of the limbs, ſtamping with the feet, beating the breaſt, and tearing the hair, are its characteriſtics. This carried a little further, ſeems alſo to repreſent madneſs. If degenerating to melancholy, a gloomy ſtilneſs and fixed eyes. with a lowering brow, are its indications.

ANGER is known by an inflamed viſage, the eyes darting fire, the teeth ſometimes gnaſhing, the

the whole body, and the arms in particular, being thrown into a violent emotion. This motion alſo, carried to an extreme, repreſent phrenzy, for anger is near a kin to madneſs.

PITY is a ſpecies of grief, ſoftened by a degree of love, and is beſt excited in a demeanour, which partakes of what is peculiar to both thoſe paſſions;—a ſelf-commiſeration often accompanies it, in which caſe it is more than commonly pathetic.—There is a fine example of this in a ſpeech of Jaffier to Belvidera, in Venice Preſerved.

" Oh, Belvidera! *doubly* I'm a beggar;
Undone by *fortune*, and in debt to thee;
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Canſt *thou* bear cold and hunger? Can
Thoſe limbs fram'd for the tender offices of love
Endure the bitter gripes of ſmarting poverty?
When baniſh'd by our miſeries abroad
(As ſuddenly we ſhall be) to ſeek out
In ſome far climate where our names are ſtrangers,
For charitable ſuccour—wilt thou *then*
(When in a bed of ſtraw we ſhrink together)
And the bleak winds ſhall whiſtle round our heads.
Wilt thou *then* talk thus to men? Wilt thou *then*
Huſh my cares *thus*, and halter me with love?"

LOVE, if ſucceſsful, is expreſſed like joy, by a ſmiling countenance, and eyes ſometimes ſparkling with pleaſure, at others, fixed in a languiſhing manner upon the beloved object. The accents are in general ſoft and pathetic; but ſometimes they ſwell to rapture.—The hands claſped together, or preſſed eagerly to the boſom,

boſom, are actions frequently accompanying this paſſion.—Unſucceſsful love degenerating into rage, envy, or melancholy, ſhould be expreſſed accordingly.—Of the ſeveral diſpoſitions of the paſſions, the following lines from Lee's Theodoſius, is a well-drawn picture.

" No more of *this*, no more, for I diſdain
All pomp when *thou* art by; Far be the
Noiſe of kings and courts from *us*, whoſe gentle ſoul
Our kinder ſtars have ſteer'd another way.
Free as to the foreſt-birds we'll pair together,
Without remembering who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls;
Together drink the chryſtal of the ſtreams,
Or taſte the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And, when the golden evening calls us home;
Wing to our downy neſt, and ſleep till morn."

One of the moſt difficult parts for an actor to repreſent, is that of a jealous perſon, in whoſe character ſo many different paſſions at the ſame time appear.

JEALOUSY would likely be well expreſſed by one, who had often ſeen priſoners tortured in the dungeons of the *Inquiſition*. Being a mixture of paſſions directly contrary to one another, the perſon, whoſe ſoul is the ſeat of ſuch confuſion and tumult, muſt be in much greater miſery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the *mind* are greater than thoſe of the *body*, Jealouſy is a ferment of *love*, *hatred*, *hope*, *fear*, *ſhame*, *anxiety*, *ſuſpicion*, *grief*, *pity*, *envy*, *pride*, *rage*, *cruelty*, *vengeance*, *madneſs*, and every other tormenting paſſion

paſſion which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to expreſs *Jealouſy* well, it is required that one know how to repreſent juſtly all theſe *paſſions* by turns, and often ſeveral of them *together*. *Jealouſy* ſhews itſelf by *reſtleſsneſs*, *peeviſhneſs*, *thoughtfulneſs*, *anxiety*, *abſence* of mind: Sometimes it burſts out in *complaint* and *weeping;* then a *gleam* of *hope* that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary ſmile; immediately the face, clouded with a general *gloom*, ſhews the mind *overcaſt* again with horrid *ſuſpicion*, and frightful imaginations. Then the *arms* are folded upon the *breaſt*, the *fiſts* violently *clinched:* the *rolling eyes* dart *fury*. He *hurries* to *and fro;* he has no more *reſt* than a ſhip in a troubled ſea. Again he *compoſes* himſelf a little to reflect on the *charms* of the ſuſpected perſon. She appears to his imagination like the *ſweetneſs* of the riſing *dawn*. Then his monſter-breeding fancy repreſents her as *falſe* as ſhe is *fair*.

Of the ſuſpicious turn of Jealouſy, the following lines is a ſhort but ſtriking inſtance:

——————— " By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt, and think, ſhe is not:
I think, that *thou art juſt*, and think, thou *art not*.
I'll have ſome proof.—Her name, that was as freſh
As Diana's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be *cords* or *knives*,
Poiſon or *fire*, or *ſuffocating ſteams*,
I'll *not* endur't—Would I were ſatisfied!"

Of Jealouſy, breaking out into Rage. The ſame character afterwards furniſhes an example when he thus addreſſes Iago:

" Oh,

" Oh, that the ſlave had *forty thouſand lives!*
One is too *poor*, too *weak*, for my revenge;
Now do I ſee it's true!—Look here Iago,
All my *fond love* thus do I blow to heav'n!
'Tis gone———
Ariſe, black *vengeance*, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh *love*, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous *hate!* ſwell boſom with thy fraught
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues———
———Like the Pontic ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
To the Propontic, and the Helleſpont!
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up—Now by yon marble heav'n
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow
I here engage my words——

FEAR, opens wide the *eyes* and mouth; draws *down* the *eyebrows;* gives the *countenance* an air of wildneſs: covers it with deadly *paleneſs;* draws *back* the *elbows* parallel with the ſides; *lifts* up the open *hands*, the fingers together, to the height of the breaſt, ſo that the palms face the dreadful object as ſhields oppoſed againſt it. One *foot* is drawn *back* behind the other, ſo that the body ſeems *ſhrinking* from the danger, and putting itſelf in a poſture for flight. The *heart beats* violently; the *breath* is fetched *quick* and *ſhort;* the whole *body* is thrown into a general *tremor*. The *voice* is *weak* and *trembling;* the *ſentences* are *ſhort*, and the *meaning confuſed* and *incoherent*.

REMORSE, or a painful ſenſe of *guilt* caſts *down* the *head*, draws the *eyebrows down* upon the *eyes*.

eyes. The *right* hand beats the *breaſt.* The *teeth gnaſh* with anguiſh. The whole *body* is *ſtrained* and violently *agitated.* If this *ſtrong* remorſe is ſucceeded by the more gracious diſpoſition of *penitence*, or *contrition*, then the eyes are raiſed (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately caſt *down* again to the *earth.* The knees are *bended*, or the *body proſtrated* on the ground. The *arms* are *ſpread* in a ſuppliant poſture, and the voice of *deprecation* is uttered with ſighs, groans, heſitation, and trembling.

DESPAIR, as in a condemned criminal, *bends* the *eyebrows* downwards, *clouds* the *forehead; rolls* the *eyes* round frightfully, bites the *lips; widens* the *noſtrils; gnaſhes* with the teeth, like a fierce wild beaſt. The heart is too much *hardened* to ſuffer *tears* to flow; yet the *eyeballs* will be *red* and *inflamed* like thoſe of an animal in a rapid ſtate. The *head* is *hung* down upon his breaſt. The *arms* are *bended* at the elbows, and the whole *body ſtrained* and violently agitated; *groans*, expreſſive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than *words.* As it often drives people to diſtraction and ſelf-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one who would repreſent it.

There are many other paſſions and affections of the mind which a player muſt make himſelf maſter of; but as we do not mean here to be prolix, nor to run into minute diſquiſitions, we have ſelected only ſuch as are generally allowed to be the moſt ſtriking;—he who is capable of managing theſe, may venture himſelf on the theatre.

Female

Female performers, in particular, ſhould be careful how they go beyond the limits which nature has ſet them, when they do, as few of them having the compaſs of a man's abilities, they often, by great pains, render themſelves peculiarly diſagreeable.——For the reſt, the actreſs, as well as the actor, may here follow the rules laid down, allowing only for theſe variations, which the delicacy of the ſex often render it neceſſary for them to adopt, and which are obvious to any perſon of a common capacity."

A COL-

A

COLLECTION

OF

PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

The SPOUTER's PROLOGUE.

BEHOLD me here, deputed from the reſt,
T'apologize for all, and ſtand the teſt,
Or ſtem the torrent of the critic's ſpleen,
'Twixt them and you 'tis I muſt intervene.
Truly, quoth I, methinks 'tis no way fit;
Suppoſe a band of critics in the pit
Should hiſs, and with their ſticks make mighty rout?
Suppoſe us no ſuppoſes, you muſt out,
And try to bring them all t'accept with grace
(Do, for you have a pity-begging face)
What here we offer, crave their candour to us,
Tell 'em, their want of praiſe will ſure undo us;
Piſh! what can I ſay? Say! juſt what you pleaſe;
Salute them thus, and in ſuch words as theſe
Addreſs them!——
" You, who this circle thus ſo ſplendid grace,
" 'Tis your's to give a luſtre to this place;
" And as you are the connoiſſeurs in wit,
" As far as your great judgment ſhall think fit,
" To which at all times humbly we ſubmit.

" Deign but to ſmile on our intended taſk,
" Say that you're pleas'd, 'tis all that we ſhall aſk;
" As yet untaught in the theatric ſkill,
" To brandiſh words and actions at our will,
" As yet unpractis'd in the buſkin age,
" Th' heroic ſtrut, and ſwagger of the ſtage;
" We but attempt, and if ſucceſs but crown
" Our free endeavours, we ſhall frankly own
" Our grateful tribute, where 'tis juſtly due,
" To this bright audience of the judging few."

PROLOGUE *to the comic Farce callled the* SPOUTER.

PROLOGUES, like pray'rs, imploring for ſucceſs,
Where authors humble every fear expreſs,
Where eloquence in all her charms may plead,
For youthful errors haply intercede;
The generous heart to pity oft may move,
And gain (O wond'rous ſtrange!) the critic's love:
This ſoothing way ſuch bards may juſtly claim,
Whoſe merits challenge an immortal fame;
Who, ſkill'd in nature's all-perſuaſive art,
Can rouſe each paſſion, tear or melt the heart:
Our author claims not their engaging ſtyle,
He only hopes to meet th' applauding ſmile,
Implores you'll not his firſt attempt refuſe,
The petty trifle of a youthful muſe,
Odd is the theme by which he means t' engage,
(But oddities are common in this age)
Inſtead of wit and ſenſe our lives to grace,
Fine compliments and flatt'ry now take place,
That's odd you'll think, but what is odder yet,
Such fulſome ſtuff is counted ſenſe and wit.

The

The man of taſte, the briſk gay jemmy ſpark,
Whoſe chief delight's the playhouſe and the park,
Their wit, their learning, all their ſtore of ſenſe,
Is ſumm'd up in a ſtock of impudence;
With this accompliſh'd, thus enrich'd—ariſe
Their bows, much talk—in faſhions great and wiſe;
While others, not to mode ſo much confin'd,
(The bucks I mean) yet ſtill an odder kind,
Don Quixote like, at once our ſport and pity,
They range around the confines of the city,
Arm'd with their clubs all dangers they defy,
Though their courage ſeldom care to try;
Their boaſted valour's but a mere pretence,
As fortune often makes the man of ſenſe.

The ſpouters next—a bluſt'ring noiſy tribe,
Who, madmen like, each paſſion to deſcribe;
Alike to wit and nonſenſe they preſume,
And all the follies of the age aſſume;
To all beſide the jeſt and ridicule,
Of every fop and vain conceited fool.

The Ladies now—but huſh—the lovely fair
Our bard implores will not forſake him here,
Their kind indulgence 'tis he hopes to find,
Beauty to youth doth ſeldom prove unkind.

The CURIOUS TRAVELLER's ADDRESS to the SPOUTERS.

MY kind worthy friends, wou'd the muſes inſpire,
I'd ſpeak like a ſon of Parnaſſus with fire;
But ſince the coy maids my addreſſes diſdain,
I'll jingle without inſpiration or Pain;
For thoſe who in friendly addreſſes would pleaſe,
Should ſpeak without ſtudy the hearer to eaſe.

My buſineſs is roving—I never am ſtill,
But ſunk in the vally, or mount on the hill;
Then breathe in the meadow, or bruſh o'er the down,
Enjoy the calm village, or view the gay town;
Converſe wth the ruſtic, or toy with the maid,
Who bluſhes her wiſhes, or pants as afraid.
To view thoſe ſweet creatures were you, friends, decreed,
Who churn in the dairy, or milk in the mead;
The buſtling Babylon ſoon you'd forſake,
And haſte out of town a commandment to break.

Prometheus, as bards apoſtolic have told,
With inanimate clay form'd a virgin of old;
And then robb'd the ſkies of ethereal fire,
To quicken the maſs, and enjoy his deſire.
'Twas a glorious affair, 'tis confeſs'd at this day,
But I in my travels have found out a clay,
Which will make as fine virgins as e're ſaw the day;
And as I acknowledge Apollo my god,
He'll perhaps lend a ray to enliven each clod;
He'll kindly remit me a beam from the ſkies,
To make their blood flow—and put darts in their eyes.

If a friend I obtain in the palace of light,
My good ſpouting friends I intend to invite;
That as ſoon as the clay's for experiment rife,
They may ſee the ſweet creatures all ſtart into life.
To ſurvey all the charms, to behold every part,
Each limb, and each feature an abſolute dart;
Do you think you could gaze, friends, and each keep his heart?
No, no, after ogling you'll think of a wife,
And marry an image to bleſs you for life;
For ſure, ſuch ſweet helpmates all mankind muſt prize,
Juſt ſpic-and-ſpan new from friend Lee and the ſkies;
Created for marriage, mature in a trice,
And ſtrangers to follies—to whimſies and vice,
Unlike our tormentors, who, born of the ſex,
Are ſuckled for plagues, and inſtructed to vex:

For

For ladies in rapture and extaſy got,
To run in exceſſes continually plot;
And females ſo made ſhould be ſurely abhorr'd,
Since a porter can get them as well as a lord.
But thoſe to be made, as you find I have plann'd,
By the delicate touch of my ſoul-giving hand,
Of every beauty and virtue may boaſt,
And they all ſhall be dumb—which will pleaſe you the moſt.
Then, my friends, unmoleſted may all waſte their lungs,
For they'll hear with their ears—not reply with their tongues.

But if god Apollo my boon ſhould deny,
And refuſe to remit me a beam from the ſky;
I'd adviſe to quit town, and to meadows repair,
You'll find nymphs, plump, ſound, ruddy, wholeſome and fair:
Your merits theatric will ſoon win their hearts,
And to pleaſe them I beg you will ſpout all your parts.
As for virgins, excuſe me, they're hard to be found,
For rogues you muſt know in each village abound,
Who plough up virginity more than their ground.
Still that's but a trifle, for if you are wiſe,
You'll deem all fleſh good that's not blown on by flies;
And a man that is hungry may certainly eat,
If he cannot obtain the firſt cut of the meat.

My friends, I now humbly muſt beg to take leave,
I'll make maids if I can, if I can't, do not grieve;
But I beg that you'll uſe the adviſe you receive.

EPILOGUE, *ſpoken by* Mr. SHUTER, *in the character of a* MAN-MIDWIFE.

Enters with a Child.

WHOE'ER begot thee has no cauſe to bluſh:
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy *(child cries)* nay, huſh, huſh, huſh.
A workman, faith! a man of rare diſcretion,
A friend to Britain, and to our profeſſion;
With face ſo chubby, and with looks ſo glad,
O rare roaſt beef of England—here's a lad!
Shews him to the company.
(Child makes a noiſe again.)
Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurſe. Within, here, take him off.
Well, heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the bar, the army and the ſtage;
The nation proſpers by ſuch joyous ſouls.
Hence ſmoakes my table, hence my chariot rolls.
Though ſome ſnug jobs from ſurgery may ſpring,
Man-midwifery, man-midwifery's the thing.
Lean ſhould I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere cathartics, and by plain phlebotomy.
Well, beſides gain, beſides the pow'r to pleaſe,
Beſides the muſic *(ſhakes a purſe)* of ſuch birds as theſe,
It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
To hear the praiſes of the grateful poor.
This day comes honeſt Taffy to my houſe,
"'Cot pleſs hur, hur has ſav'd hur poy and ſpouſe,
"Hur ſav'd my Gwinnifred, or death had ſwallowed hur,
"Though creat-crand-creat-crand-crand child of Cadwallador."
Cries Patrick Touzle'em, "I am bound to pray,
"You've ſav'd my Sue in your ſame phyſic way,
"And further I ſhall thank you yeſterday."
Then ſawny came, and thank'd me for my love,
(I very readily excus'd his glove)
He bleſs'd the mon, e'en by St. Andrew's croſs,
"Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithſome laſs."

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *ſpoken by* Mr. PALMER, *at the opening of the* ROYALTY THEATRE.

WHERE'ER fair ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head,
In ev'ry clime where truth her light has ſpread;
Where civil union harmoniz'd mankind,
And join'd to poliſh'd manners taſte refin'd;
Thither on eagle wiugs the muſe has flown,
There fix'd, and made the favour'd ſpot her own.

In Greece her tuneful ſtrain ſhe taught to flow,
And the ſcene charm'd with imitated woe.
Terror and pity ſeiz'd the impaſſion'd breaſt,
And the fair moral to the heart was preſs'd.
The Magiſtrate ſoon ſaw, in virtue's cauſe,
The ſtage a ſupplement to public laws.
And from the nation's fund, with gen'rous aim,
Rais'd the proud dome, and fann'd the poet's flame.
The well proportion'd pile was ſeen to riſe
On marble columns tow'ring to the ſkies.
No more the ſtroller with his mimic art
Rumbl'd about each village in his cart.
No more bedaub'd, and grim with lees of wine,
He outrag'd modeſt nature in each line.
An amphitheatre—whoſe ſpacious room
"Could hold uncrouded Athens in his womb,"
Gave him the ſplendid ſcene, the gorgeous hall,
The buſkin'd pride, and the long trailing pall.
Their vagrant life, the actors then gave o'er,
Deem'd beggars, rogues, and vagabonds no more.

In Britain long our ſcene neglected lay;
The bull, the globe, preſented ev'ry play.
To inns and taverns Shakeſpeare had reſort:
The bard's own genius was his beſt ſupport.

At length, fatigu'd with war and civil rage,
With monarch reſtor'd we rear'd the ſtage.

And

And now, our minds while bright ideas fire,
We bid this night another dome aſpire;
And hope, while your protection quells each fear,
The muſe will find a ſafe aſylum here.

Yet ſome there are who would our ſcheme annoy;
'Tis a monopoly they would enjoy.
Th' Hay-market, Covent-garden, and old Drury,
Send forth their edicts "full of ſound and fury."
The jarring ſtates are leagu'd in jealous fit,
And they, whom wit maintains, wage war on wit.
But wit like day-light, nothing ſhould reſtrain,
The ſame in Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.
And if the Drama liſt on virtue's ſide,
Say, can the moral be diffus'd too wide?
If the ſun gild yon weſt with golden ray,
The eaſt may feel the beams of riſing day.

Like gen'rous rivals let all parties boaſt
One only ſtruggle—who ſhall pleaſe you moſt;
Fines and impriſonment no more proclaim,
But praiſe the ſoil from which our Garrick came.
If ſtill their rage—our fortune here to mar,
"Cry havoc, and let ſlip the dogs of war,"
Our means are honeſt; our hearts firm and true:
The conteſt glorious! for we fight for you:

PROLOGUE *to the* MAN-MILLINER. *

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Enter, haſtily, Mrs. MATTOCKS, *with a band-box.*

FORGIVE me, ſirs, that I come in thus bounce!
You know me, ladies—your old friend La Flounce,
Sov'reign of fancy, regent of the mode,
To all your wants and wiſhes *toute commode*;
For artificial ſprigs a winter Flora,
With *rouge* that gives the bluſhes of Aurora:
A woman milliner!—for ſure no man
Would be a milliner, or ever can.
Horſe milliner, indeed, a man's true trade is;
But, ſaucy grooms, ſuch trappings ſuit not ladies.
Yet men aſſail our perſons ſev'ral ways,
They make our mantuas, and they make our ſtays;
And tho' to curry-combs we ſcorn to truckle,
They friz toupees, and give the locks their buckle.
Hence ſtrange reverſes riſe: and we're betray'd,
By turns, their neighbour province to invade;
Huſbands the diſtaff take, wives ſeize the club,
At home their patient Hercules to drub;
While ſir appears ſo feminine and trim,
And madam looks ſo maſculine and grim,
You ſcarce know him from her, or her from him.

In changes thus if humbler ranks ſhould ſtrive,
Maid ſervants ſoon will mount the box, and drive;
Or elſe, to reaſon and decorum blind,
Seizing a place unfit for womankind,
With flambeaux in their hands, jump up behind.
While footmen, women grown, as now grown fops,
Shall darn old hoſe, ſweep rooms, and trundle mops.

Ladies

* A farce, written by Mr. O'Keefe, whoſe dramatic pieces have ſo much contributed to the public entertainment, but who, in this particular inſtance, was unſucceſsful, the piece being withdrawn after the firſt repreſentation.

Ladies and gentlemen, 'tis your's to-night
To end diſputes, and ſet the ſexes right;
To check the inroads of the tyrant man,
And keep within due bounds the woman's plan.
Let me then, as a female envoy greet ye,
And here negociate a commercial treaty!
Forbid the men, by ſome reſtraining clauſe,
To deal in ribbands, muſlin, blond, and gauze;
Bid women too, reſign the barber's trade,
And ceaſe to ſhave the guards on the parade!
Equal to male and female ſhew compaſſion,
Aſſert what's right, and laugh it into faſhion!

PROLOGUE *to the comedy of* SUCH THINGS ARE.

By THOMAS VAUGHAN. *Spoken by* Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW ſay you critic gods *—and you below,†
Are you all friends?—or here and there—a foe?
Come to protect your literary trade,
Which Mrs. Scribble dares again invade—
But know you not—in all the fair ones do,
'Tis not too pleaſe themſelves alone—but you.
Then who ſo churliſh, or ſo cynic grown,
Would wiſh to change a ſimper for a frown?
Or who ſo jealous of their own dear quill,
Would point the paragraph her fame to kill?
Yet ſuch there are, in this all-ſcribbling town,
And men of letters too—of ſome renown,
Who ſickens at all merit but their own.
But ſure 'twere more for wit's—for honour's ſake,
To make the Drama's race the "give and take."
[*Looking round the Houſe.*
My

---

* Galleries. † Pit.

My hint I ſee's approv'd—ſo pray begin it,
And praiſe us roundly * for the good things in it,
Nor let ſeverity our faults expoſe,
When godlike Homer's ſelf was known to doze.

But of the piece—methinks I hear you hint,
Some dozen lines, or more, ſhould give the tint—
" Tell how Sir John with Lady Betty's maid
" Is caught intriguing at a maſquerade—
" Which Lady Betty, in a jealous fit,
" Reſents, by flirting with Sir Ben the Cit,
" Whoſe three feet ſpouſe to modiſh follies bent,
" Miſtakes a ſix feet valet—for a gent.
" Whilſt miſs, repugnant to her guardian's plan,
" Elopes in breeches with her fav'rite man."

Such are the hints, we read in Roſcius' days,
By way of prologue, uſher'd in their plays.
But we, like miniſters, and cautious ſpies,
In ſecret meaſures think—the merit lies.
Yet ſhall the muſe thus far unveil the plot,
This play was tragi-comically got,
Thoſe ſympathetic ſorrows to impart
Which harmonize the feelings of the heart;
And may, at leaſt, this humble merit boaſt,
A ſtructure founded on fair fancy's coaſt.
With you it reſts, that judgment to proclaim
Which, in the world muſt raiſe or ſink its fame.
Yet ere her judges ſign their laſt report,
'Tis you [*to the Boxes*] muſt recommend her to the court—
Whoſe ſmiles, like Cynthia, in a winter's night,
Will cheer our wand'rer with a gleam of light,

EPILOGUE

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* Waving the hand—addreſſing the houſe.

N. B. Lines 11, 12, 13, 16, and 17, were omitted in the ſpeaking.

EPILOGUE *to the Comedy of* SUCH THINGS ARE.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, Eſq.

SINCE all are ſprung, they ſay, from mother earth,
Why ſtamp a merit, or diſgrace on birth?
Yet ſo it is, however we diſguiſe it,
All boaſt their origin, or elſe deſpiſe it;
This pride, or ſhame, haunts ev'ry living ſoul
From Hyde Park Corner, down to Limehouſe Hole:
Peers, taylors, poets, ſtateſmen, undertakers,
Knights, ſquires, man-milliners, and peruke-makers;
Sir Hugh Glenguthglie, from the land of goats,
Tho' out at elbows—ſhows you all his coats;
And rightful heir to twenty pounds per annum,
Boaſts the rich blood, that warm'd his great great grannam;
While wealthy Simon Soapſuds, juſt beknighted,
Struck with the ſword of ſtate, is grown dim-ſighted;
Forgets the neighbouring chins he us'd to lather,
And ſcarcely knows he ever had a father.

Our author then, correct in every line,
From nature's characters hath pictur'd mine;
For many a lofty fair, who friz'd and curl'd,
With creſt of horſehair, tow'ring thro' the world;
To powder, paſte, and pins, ungrateful grown,
Thinks the full perriwig is all her own;
Proud of her conqu'ring ringlets, onward goes,
Nor thanks the barber, from whoſe hands ſhe roſe.

Thus doth falſe pride fantaſtic minds miſlead,
And make our weaker ſex, ſeem weak indeed;
Suppoſe, to prove this truth, in mirthful ſtrain,
We bring the dripping family again—
Papa, a tallow-chandler by deſcent,
Had read "how larning is moſt excellent."

So

So miſs, return'd from boarding-ſchool at Bow,
Waits to be finiſh'd by mama and co.
" See, ſpouſe, how ſpruce our Nan is grown, and tall,
" I'd lay, ſhe cuts a daſh at Lord Mayor's ball:"
In bolts the maid—" Ma'm! miſs's maſter's come,"
Away fly ma' and miſs, to dancing room—
" Walk in, mounſeer, come Nan, draw up like me,"
Ma foi, madame, miſs like you as two pea,
Monſieur takes out his kit, the ſcene begins:
Miſs truſſes up, my lady mother grins;
" Ma'mſelle, me teach a you de ſtep to tread,
" Firſt turn your toe, den turn your little head;
One, two, dree, ſinka, riſa, balance, bon,
Now entrechat, and now de cotillon!
[*Singing and dancing about.*
Pardieu, ma'mſelle, be one enchanting girl,
Me no ſurprize to ſee her ved an earl:
With all my heart, ſays miſs, mounſeer I'm ready,
I dream'd laſt night, ma', I ſhould be a lady.

Thus do the Drippings, all important grown,
Expect to ſhine with luſtre not their own;
New airs are got, freſh graces, and freſh waſhes,
New caps, new gauze, new feathers, and new ſaſhes;
'Till juſt complete for conqueſt at Guildhall,
Down comes an order to ſuſpend the ball;
Miſs ſkrieks, ma' ſcolds, pa' ſeems to have loſt his tether,
Caps, cuſtards, coronets—all ſink together—
Papa reſumes his jacket, dips away,
And miſs lives ſingle, till next Lord Mayor's day.

If ſuch the ſorrow, and if ſuch the ſtrife,
That break the comforts of domeſtic life;
Look to the hero, who this night appears,
Whoſe boundleſs excellence the world reveres;
Who friend to nature, by no blood confin'd,
Is the glad relative of all mankind.

PROLOGUE *to* SEDUCTION.

By Mr. HOLCROFT.

AMONG the tawny ſons of Indian lands,
The hero, who aſpires to lead their bands,
Muſt proof afford, ere he his cauſe can gain,
Of reſolution, and contempt of pain:
Ere they'll confeſs him fit for them to die,
Whips, ſtings, and fire, his fortitude muſt try!
Aſſembled chiefs the deſp'rate conteſt view,
Inflict the torture, and the pang renew!
And ſhould he, while the flames his reigns embrace,
Heave one poor ſigh, or even breathe apace;
With ſcorn and ignominy he's expell'd?
By boys and women in deriſion held.
But if, to pain ſuperior, he comes forth
Equal to heroes of acknowledg'd worth,
Applauding ſhouts re-echo to the ſkies,
And all hearts claim him as his country's prize!
Severe the taſk—who would to fame aſpire
In lands like theſe, where virtue's try'd by fire?
Scarce leſs ſevere his taſk who pants for fame,
Scorch'd by the ardour of poetic flame;
While fable, diction, pathos, wit, and taſte,
Like ſcorpion whips, and racks, are round him plac'd!
For, while to conquer each defect he tries,
"On the ſtrong torture of the mind he lies!

Raſhly reſolv'd to dare impending fate,
To night comes forth a hardy candidate.
The critic laſh, the more than mortal ſtings,
When obloquy the poet's boſom wrings,
When diſappointment gnaws his bleeding heart,
And mad reſentment hurls her venom'd dart;
When angry noiſe, diſguſt, and uproar rude,
Damnation urge, and ev'ry hope exclude,
Theſe, dreadful tho' they are, can't quite repel
Th' aſpiring mind, that bids the man excel.

Tho'

Tho' rules, alone, would yield a barren fame,
Such praiſe as rules can merit he may claim.
Each unity's preſerv'd, nor knows the play,
A lapſe of time beyond the cloſe of day;
No change of ſcene denotes a chang'd abode,
Nor has he dar'd indulge one epiſode.
But rules of art no native tints beſtow;
Art never taught the beautious roſe to blow:
If nurtur'd not by dews, and heav'n-born fire,
The half-blown bud muſt droop, the plant expire.

EPILOGUE *to* SEDUCTION.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

IN former times—'tis long ago, I own—
Man ſeated on the haughty huſband's throne,
The wife by ſuch abſurd reſtraints inclos'd,
Not one gallant had ſhe—as he ſuppos'd:
But modeſt, meek, his jealous doubts appeas'd,
And ſooth'd her lord and maſter—when ſhe pleas'd;
Then, women led ſuch exemplary lives,
Daughters, almoſt, as humble were as—wives!
" A ſavage Salique law the men maintain'd;
" O monſtrous! we were ſlaves, and huſbands reign'd."

Strange were theſe cuſtoms obſolete; but we
Conſolidate our cuſtoms—and, you ſee,
Such wiſe deſigns no oppoſition find:
A fair free trade is good for all mankind.
The lib'ral ſpirit of our lib'ral beauties,
Has quite annull'd prohibitory duties,
The Ciceſbeo, and the *chere amie*,
On the broad baſe of reciprocity,
Are exports now, and imports duty-free.

As for this Lady Morden's motley merit,
With her half-ancient, her half-modern ſpirit,
You'll imitate the part you moſt approve;
Her modiſh licence, or her maukiſh love;

Of that no more—the ſubject of my ſpeech,
The doctrine I came purpoſely to teach,
(Nay, look not low'ring, man of mighty ſenſe)
Is rival woman's ſuper-eminence—

" Yes, we have proofs where wit, where taſte combin'd
" To deck, with blended charms, the female mind.

" Say, ſhall not we, with conſcious pride proclaim,
" A female critic rais'd—even Shakeſpear's fame!

" Yes, lordly man—look ſurly if you pleaſe,
" But women beat you out and out, with eaſe!
" In tales of fancy, tenderneſs, diſtreſs,
" If you dare doubt us—ſtudy the Receſs.
" And oft let ſoft Cecelia win your praiſe,
" While reaſon guides the clue in fancy's maze.
" In tragedy our triumph all atteſt;
" Your tears the genuine proof who acts the beſt.
" In comedy—but hold—I dread to ſay
" How much of late, ev'n there, you've loſt the day."
No, I'll not humble your proud ſex ſo far,
'Till you no more remember—SUCH THINGS ARE.

Gladly our author owns, all this is true;
Nor thinks he's robb'd when others have their due,
Yet, owning, hopes you've kindly heard his cauſe;
Hopes to participate your juſt applauſe.
And, ſhould your hands ſome grateful wreath combine,
And, ſhould that wreath his anxious brow entwine,
The prize, moſt precious mem'ry holds in ſtore,
It there ſhall bloom—'till mem'ry is no more!

The

The verſes between inverted commas were requeſted from, and written by, a gentlemen whoſe literary abilities are great, and well known; and the following were conſequently omitted:

Is rival woman's ſuper-eminence
In wit, as well as beauty? Proofs I cou'd,
But will not cite, to make th' aſſertion good.
Why ſhould I ſpeak, what's known to fame and you,
Young Andre's woes; the wrongs of old Peru!
Why the Belle's Stratagem, or Percy name;
Or ſweet Cecelia's never-ending fame?
Our comic, or our tragic, triumphs quote;
Or tell how Siddons acted, Burney wrote?
No, I'll not humble, &c.

PROLOGUE *to the* DISTRESSED BARONET.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

(The band, previous to the ſpeaking of the Prologue, plays "The Highland Laddie.")

Written by the author of the farce.

TO check effeminate man, each Britiſh maid,
Secure of conqueſt, wears the Tartan plaid:
A garb that oft hath made the hoſtile ſmart,
And, arm'd by beauty, now aſſails the heart.
Round Highland ſhoulders it ſubdu'd the foe,
Round ladies waiſts it vanquiſhes the beau.
This plaid the world of faſhion ſo bewitches,
Should it extend, pray who will wear the breeches?
See Patties tending all their fleecy flocks.
[*Pointing to the green boxes.*
That fill each green—I mean each ſnug green box,
While Peggies liſten to this vocal grove,
Where every flute and fiddle ſings its love.
[*Pointing to the orcheſtra.*

Methinks I hear a goddeſs cry—" For ſartin,
[*Pointing to the galleries.*
" I'll, like my betters, wear a ſaſh of Tartan:
" Give me the laddies with their Highland plaids,
" Not red rags now catch mackerels and maids."
Says Pat, who's next her—" Woman, hold your bodder,
" Elſe I will your two lips with kiſſes ſmother;
" What is this plaid?—'Tis thin—'tis poor 'tis ſhabby:
" Give a ſtout Iriſh blade a good rich tabby."
" Hoot, hauld your tongue, mon!"—Says his neighbour ſawny,
" Arn't we like you, baithe gude, and bauld, and brawney?"
" Oh true," cries Pat, " Old England's fair we poach;
" Arn't all we Engliſh, Iriſhmen, or Scotch?"
" Lies"—ſays hot Taffy, biting hard his nails;
" 'Tis lies—de Engliſh all be now in Wales.
" Driven tere by Saxons—hur hur pleaſure ſeeks.
" And hur lives tere like kings. on ſheeſe and leeks."
" Hold!" ſays the jew, " think more and ſpeak much leſs;
" Vatch dat to do with Bar'netch in Diſtreſs?
" I will relieve him—let him come to me,
" Dat iſh if he has jewels, d'ye ſee,
" Poor man, from tem I ſoon will ſet him free."

Critics, if any jewels you deſcry,
Dim not the luſtre to the public eye;
And, oh, ye fair, pray ſay to night applauſe,
I hope we've here no croaking, monſtrous craws!
Our bard to no preſumpt'ous ſkill lays claim:
To pleaſe by decent humour is his aim:
No ranc'rous perſonal ſatire he applies,
But ſtrikes at general foibles as they riſe.

FROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *to* BONDS WITHOUT JUDGMENT; or, the LOVES of BENGAL.

By GEORGE MONK BERKELEY, Eſq.

WITH ſhaft ſatyric, ſhot from Phœbus' bow,
'Gainſt wiſdom's foes to aim th' unerring blow,
To check the riſing follies of the age,
May well be deem'd the province of the ſtage:
Here, whilſt their gentle breaſts indignant burn,
Here, Faſhion's offspring may ſome moral learn.
This night on India's ſhore our ſcene we lay,
Tho' not for want of game ſo far we ſtray.
When here in vain, on beaux our beauties ſmile,
Enrag'd they vow to quit the taſteleſs iſle;
And, tho' 'gainſt venal love they loudly rail,
Yet, bluſhing for the land of huſbands ſail;
Whilſt Neptune's ſelf indignant bears the weight,
And with reluctance wafts th' unworthy freight.
When India's guilty ſhore theſe damſels reach,
Unnumber'd Nabobs throng the golden beach;
Who, whilſt their feeble frames ſcarce ſtand the gale,
Explore the beauties of each living bale.
To you, ye fair, belongs the important cauſe,
'Tis you muſt vindicate bleſt Hymen's laws;
For if from th' eaſt this faſhion we import,
And Arcot's cuſtoms lead the Britiſh court,
To Plutus then your ancient ſway muſt yield,
And vanquiſh'd love ſhall quit fair Albion's field.
Were this the caſe, ſhould ſome rich heireſs ſtart,
Whoſe countleſs thouſands charm each throbbing heart,
Why then, th' aſpiring youth who wiſh'd to win her,
Muſt e'en go flirt with Chriſtie or with Skinner.
Then ſome ſad peer, who found 'twas time to wed,
From ways and means to Hymen's altar led,

Wou'd

Wou'd aſk his friend, "Pray where bought you your rib?"
Whilſt he'd reply—"Why, faith, I dealt with Squib;
"And as your courtſhip I am ſomewhat ſlow in,
"I got her at the hammer—juſt a going!"

On you, ye fair, who haply ſcorn the plan,
To ſeek ſo far that faithleſs creature man;
Who, ſpurning Plutus, and his ſordid art,
For love alone exchange the generous heart—
On your ſupport our anxious bard relies,
And hopes to take his plaudits from your eyes!
For if your critic frowns do not confound him,
He ſmiles at all the nabobs that ſurround him.

PROLOGUE *to the* MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Written by H. S. WOODFALL, Jun.

Spoken by Mr. POPE.

[Several lines are omitted in delivery from the ſtage, on account of the length of the compoſition.]

SENT by the fair, your mercy to implore,
Who ſins again tho' pardoned oft before,
What arts of rhet'rick can your pity raiſe,
Diſarm your anger, and excite your praiſe?
All, all are vain; nor can I well defend her,
Who is, at writing plays, an old offender.

Yet not this night ſhe bids your tears to flow
For Haſwell's * goodneſs, or for Euſton's * woe;
Yet not this night your patience ſhe aſſails
With widows vows, and ſhawls,* and eaſtern tales.*

A

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* Alluding to the author's former productions.

A Frenchman's fancy gave the bantling birth,
Which now, in Paris, ſource of conſtant mirth,
Reigns the dramatic idol of the day,
And from its rival pieces bears the palm away.

Once had ſhe ſought by Gallic ſcenes to pleaſe,
Whate'er their ſpirit, elegance, or eaſe,
To France John Bull each harſh term had apply'd,
And ſpirit, elegance, or eaſe deny'd.
"You bring your farce* from France!—it ſhall not paſs;
"A Frenchman's drama—is indeed a farce;"
Thus had he ſpoke, while pride his boſom ſteels,
Nor granted Frenchmen wit—but in their heels.

But now no more to prejudice he bends,
(Since peace her influence o'er the land extends.)
No more with miſts ſhe ſeeks his ſight to blind,
And cloud the native candour of his mind;
For ſoon as Peace her gentle reign begun,
She fled, as phantoms fly before the ſun,
In other climes her baneful pow'r to try,
To point the inſult and to wing the lie.
Peace, when her radiant ſmile again ſhe wore,
And bade our banners ſtream with blood no more,
Aloft in air her wand of olive held,
And the m ſts rais'd by prejudice, diſpell'd.

Oh, prejudice! to falſehood near allied,
Thou ſtubborn child of ignorance and pride;
Proud without worth, and ſenſeleſs tho' ſevere,
To ſcience hoſtile, as to folly dear!
Thy ſlave no more, the Briton can ſubmit
To truth's decree, and grant a Frenchman wit;
To give juſt praiſe his lib'ral ſoul aſpires,
His merit owns, and owning it admires;

Of

* The Midnight Hour was originally intended for an after-piece, and performed as ſuch on the firſt night of repreſentation.

Of Fig'ro's tale enjoys each hum'rous joke,
Trick following trick, and joke ſucceeding joke;
And hears brave Richard's ſtory with delight,
Tho' chaſte, not dull; not frivolous, tho' light.

And ſhould our ſcenes no ill-ſpent time employ,
But gild the coming hour with harmleſs joy,
Forgive the fair one, who this nigh eſſays
To dreſs a French Muſe *à la mode Angloiſe*;
Forgive her error, if, when praiſe inſpires
Her glowing hopes, and fans her mental fires,
Too oft the taſk of author ſhe aſſume,
And bid with rapid haſte, the flowers of fancy bloom.

But ſhould her Midnight Hour no laurels gain,
Her hopes prove fruitleſs, and her wiſhes vain;
And ſhould it boaſt, nor humour, ſenſe, nor eaſe,
No wit to dazzle, and no plot to pleaſe;
Think, think her verſion but to pleaſe was plann'd,
And ſcatter cenſure with no laviſh hand:
But bear in mind the moral poet's line,
"To err, is human; to forgive, divine."

PROLOGUE *to the* FIRST FLOOR.

Written by Mr. COBB.

WELL, here you are—expectant all no doubt—
Gueſſing what this ſame farce can be about,
"The Firſt Floor—La!" exclaims a city dame,
"Upon my word a monſtrous pretty name.
"Deary, we'll go and ſee it—there are jokes,
"Depend upon it, on low vulgar folks,
"Who into naſty lodgings needs muſt pop;
"And can't afford, like us, to keep a ſhop."

"Tell

"Tell me, Sir Harry"—liſps a titled fair,
"What is this farce?—and pray who will be there?
"Shall one be vapour'd with their empty rows?
"Or bleſt in crowds of faces that one knows?"
"Can't ſay, 'pon onnor, ma'am," replies Sir Harry—
"As for the piece—ſuppoſe it can't miſcarry,
"If cramm'd with jeſts on us as heretofore,
"To make the creatures in the galleries roar.
"Theſe First Floor authors are quite new to me—
"I thought they liv'd in garrets—He! he! he!
"Lud," cries her ladyſhip, "I dare to ſay,
"This First Floor points at poor dear Lady K.
"She ſupt with we know who—we all know where—
"Some folks have taken lodgings near the ſquare.
"Thus to ſtab characters one's feeling ſhocks;—
"John—run to Foſbrook—I muſt have a box."

"Pſhaw," ſnarls old Quidnunc—"I'll lay five to
"four,
"There's nought but politics in this First Floor—
"Sly ſtrokes at miniſters—I ſmell a rat—
"Botany Bay—the treaty—and all that!"

Done," ſays Jack Spruce—"I'll bet you what you
"pleaſe,
"They will be witty on the ladies keys.
"Or, as the laſt new joke their purpoſe ſuits,
"Abuſe box-lobby heroes, and their boots."

Now while conjecture marks each ſapient phiz,
Ill give you juſt a ſketch of what it is.
Our First Floor's fitted up in hopes of ſtriking,
Thoſe who to mirth and whim bear hearty liking,
In whom by faſhion, nature ne'er ſuppreſt,
With burſts of honeſt laughter greet each jeſt.
Our Floor thus let—the graver critics ſcorning,
We hope our lodgers will not give us warning.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *to a private Play, performed by ſome young gentlemen for their diverſion.*

BRITONS to night indulgence here we claim,
For oft indulgence proves the ſteps to fame;
To-night with trembling hearts we crave applauſe,
To you, ye critics, we ſubmit our cauſe.
Behold our youths, then view with partial eyes,
With wiſdom judge, for well we know you're wiſe:
For judge and jury, ſoon we muſt appear,
For each is judge and jury that is here;
Each gives his verdict as the fact appears,
Oh, give a verdict, tender as our years.
By genius prompt, we now attempt to pleaſe,
With Barry's ſoftneſs, and with Garrick's eaſe;
To imitate the hero of the ſtage,
To imitate the roſcius of the age;
To follow nature true in every part,
To melt the eye, and captivate the heart;
Force the fond ſigh, and draw the tender tear,
To riſe to joy, then ſink again to fear.
In Shakeſpeare's page a real diſtreſs to ſhew,
Sooth every heart, make every eye to flow;
Greatly ambitious we the taſk purſue,
For our ambition lies in pleaſing you.
Now in your breaſts our future actions lies,
In one of us a Betterton may riſe;
By your applauſe, the next ſucceeding age,
May ſay 'twas you firſt let us tread the ſtage;
By your applauſe we boldly may purſue,
To your applauſe our little merits due;
Rais'd by your hand our infant tongues can ſay,
The hopes to pleaſe you, prompt us firſt to play.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

By R. GARDINER, Eſq.

TO

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Performed by private gentlemen.

Spoken by a LADY *in the character of* Mrs. FORD.

WELL! Poor Sir John was in a piteous taking,
And had enough, good truth of cuckold-making!
What Patagonian female could be found
To flirt it with a lover—two yards round?
Who cou'd endure, who, that had mortal eyes,
A ciciſbeo of ſuch monſtrous ſize?
'Twas not well-bred to ſouſe him in a pool,
Yet ſerv'd to teaze my jealous-pated fool:
And, critics, it had ſet you all a grinning,
To ſee Sir John pop up amidſt foul linen.
Our London dames to gallants are more tender,
For why? Their macaronies all are ſlender:
Should the dear youth ſome hedious huſbands ſcare,
A modern belle could hide him with her hair;
Or take him in her hand, and, wrapp'd about
In his white handkerchief, convey him out.

The ſcene is chang'd——Intrigues have loſt their charms;
Now female boſoms beat to war's alarms:
The camps how brilliant with our Britiſh fair!
Cockaded hats! lac'd frocks! and braided hair!
The charging ſquadrons our delight become,
"The ear-piercing fife, the ſpirit-ſtirring drum!"

When bold De Ruyter plough'd the watry main,
And York of heroes led a gallant train.
Unheeded on our coaſts th' invaders ſtole,
And caught our captains dancing * all at Sowle;
But ruſhing forth, and eager for the fight,
They made the Dutchman dance the following night.
Repell'd th' inſulting foe, whoſe chiefs no more
Hoiſted a broom to ſweep the Britiſh ſhore.

Should Spaniards ſudden as the Dutch attack,
Britons bold ſons are here to drive them back:
Once more refulgent on this little iſle,
Our arms ſhine glorious, and our warriors ſmile:
Brave as their anceſtors, and full as gay——
—— I wiſh that we might catch them at our play:
O! grant it, Fortune! Goddeſs, let me aſk it;
I long to cram the daring Don in a baſket:
Then launch him out to ſea, and let him roam,
"The Merry Wives of Windſor," waft him home!

The TRIP TO PARIS.

Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, *at one of his Benefits.*

IN former times there liv'd one Ariſtotle,
Who, as the ſong ſays, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor,——
(Arn't you ſurpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that reſt—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale!—no, truth! mun—I'm juſt come from France.
From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter;
I'm glad that once more I'm on this the water;

'Twas

---

* The officers where at a ball, on ſhore, when the fleet arrived May 28, 1672.

'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me over;
But I wiſh'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To ſwallow ſea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the ſight of ſuch water at once fill'd my belly;
They who chuſe it for phyſic may drink of the ſea,
But only to think on't is phyſic for me.

When I firſt went on board, Lord! I heard ſuch a racquet,
Such babbling and ſpuabbling, 'fore and 'aft, through the pacquet;
The paſſengers bawling, the ſailors yo-ho-ing,
The ſhip along daſhing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some ſick and ſome ſwearing, ſome ſinging, ſome ſhrieking,
Sails hoiſting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ſhip!—but the tars never minding our caſes,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trouſers, and grinn'd in our faces.
We made Calais ſoon, and were ſoon ſet on ſhore,
I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod before.
The ſcene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo, ho-ho,
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom, no!
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaiſance;
With cringes and ſcrapes we were welcom'd to France:
Ah, Monſeer Angloy!—they cry'd—be on ven nu,
Tres umble ſervant, ſir, we glad to ſee you.
I ne'er met ſuch figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcaſe like flies in the ſhambles:
To be crouded among them at firſt I was loth,
For fear they ſhould ſeize me and ſouſe me for broth.
At laſt, tho', they call'd me my Lor Angletterre,
(Lord, had you then ſeen but my ſtrut and my ſtare!)
Wee, wee, I cry'd, wee then—and put on a ſword!
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was baulk'd ſo before in my life:

I ſhould ſee wonders there, I was told by Monſeer;
So I did, I ſaw things there were wonderful queer;
Queer ſtreets and queer houſes, with people much queerer,
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I ſoon had enough of their pallovouſee;
It's a fine phraſe to ſome folks, but nonſenſe to me:
All folks there are dreſs'd in a toyſhop like ſhow,
A hodge-podging habit, 'twixt fidler and beau;
Such hats, and ſuch heads too, ſuch coats and ſuch ſkirts—
They ſold me ſome ruffles—but I found the ſhirts.

Then, as to their dinners, their ſoups and their ſtewings,
One ounce of meet ſerves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a ſlice of roaſt beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricaſeed frog:
Out of window I toſs'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down ſtairs I jump'd, and ran into the ſtreet.
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To ſtay where I found it was taſte to eat vermin;
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarchs clever;
I'm for beef, and King George, and Old England for ever!

PROLOGUE *to the* AUTHOR,

The OLD MAN's SON AND ASS.

SEVERE their taſk, who, in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore——

Nature

Nature with novelty doth ſtill abound;
On every ſide freſh follies may be found.
But then the taſte of every gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires at leaſt—no common ſhare of wit.

Thoſe who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modiſh wife;
Whilſt they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic ſcene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen;
The poliſh'd critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries—"Twill pleaſe the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble trader's ſmile.

To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The Grecian fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of his day:
Once on a time, a ſon and ſire, we're told,
The ſtrippling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-aſs at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the aſs,
And through the gazing croud attempts to paſs:
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
"This the reſpect to reverend age you ſhow,
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
"Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."—
As Grecian lads are ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
" Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
" To your own baby can you be unkind?
" Here—Suke, Bill, Betty,—put the child behind."—
Old Dapple next the clown's compaſſion claim'd:
" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't aſham'd:
" Two at a time upon the poor dumb beaſt!
" They might as well have carry'd him, at leaſt."—
The pair, ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount, and bear the aſs—then, what a noiſe!—
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke.
From the yet ſilent ſire, theſe words provoke:—
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
" Vain his attempts, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all."

PROLOGUE *to the* NEW PEERAGE.

Written by R. CUMBERLAND, *Eſq.*

And ſpoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

POETS were privileg'd in ev'ry age
To nominate the peerage of the ſtage:
New lords and ladies—and when you join hands,
As their *ſupporters*, the creation ſtands.
But our ſtage lords are not like lords of ſtate,
For 'tis not merit only makes us great:
Forts well defended—hoſtile fleets ſubdu'd——
Long life devoted to our country's good.
Deſerts like theſe make not promotion certain;
To our great houſe of peers behind the curtain;
No, ſirs; the comic muſe revokes theſe rules,
And deals her titles out to knaves and fools;
Her Lady Babs and Bettys—(fye upon her)—
Are not all ladies of the pureſt honor.

This

This night our comic circe with a word
Transforms a ſober cit into a lord;
To make the metamorphoſis complete,
Her real lord ſhe ſends to Lombard-ſtreet:
Meanwhile the moral of theſe transformations
Teaches content in your reſpective ſtations.
You above Temple-bar, and you below,
Steer to the Weſtward you—you Eaſtwardho!
Keep wide apart, good ſirs, for your own ſakes;
Here courts of aldermen—there clubs of rakes:
Here Bank of England—there let Pharaohs ſit—
Wit without money, money without wit.
To you, ye lords, if nature lends a heart,
The world's great ſtage preſents a leading part;
Act up to your high caſt—exert your ſkill,
And ſtudy well the characters you fill:
The muſe ſhall prompt you in the glorious cauſe,
And theatres reſound with your applauſe!
Hold faſt, ye traders, to your own domain,
The ſeat of credit, and the ſource of gain:
Whilſt you ſupport a Britiſh merchant's fame,
The peerage cnnot boaſt a nobler name!

EPILOGUE.

Written by Miſs H. LEE.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

WELL, here I come, my ſex's right to claim,
Who by loquacity aſpire to fame:
The laſt word ever was a woman's rage,
And prudent poets grant it on the ſtage;
Our curtain lectures ſurly ſpouſes bear,
And beaux unmarried take a ſample here.
And yet, methinks, our author of to-night
Might well the boldeſt friend to Hymen fright.

What!

What!—raſhly bid each parent claim his child!
How could ſhe venture on a thought ſo wild?
A comedy ſhe calls the piece, too!—fye!
I rather think ſhe means a tragedy;
For ſay, what direful ſcenes muſt ſoon ariſe,
Should ev'ry parent learn to doubt his eyes?
Or ſome ſtrange magic ev'ry ſon inſpire
In wicked days like theſe to claim his hire?
What civil wars!—but hold—ſuppoſe my fan
For one half hour this dang'rous taliſman:
(Waves it) Before its magic power what crowds retire!
Peer, ruſtic, merchant, alderman, and 'ſquire!
I ſee them ſtruck at once with wild affright!
I ſee—I ſee them—tho' they're not in ſight!
Here, hopeful fathers ſtand without a ſon;
There, bachelors—by families undone!
A ſtrange contraction ſeizes well-turn'd locks,
And, in a ſnug round curl, beaux mount the box!
While unplum'd toaſts—now toaſts, alas! no more
Contented dreſs thoſe caps which once they wore.
Are there who angrily the portrait view?
Ah, let them turn to life, and own it true!
Mark that rank ſoul where vice or folly thrives,
The careleſs huſbands and the faithleſs wives:
Then bid ſome favouring genius once again
Deſcend, and bring the virtues in her train;
Bring ſome fair gift by magic touch refin'd,
Which more than bond or ſettlement may bind;
And ſoft, ev'n now I've found the precious ſpell,
'Twas from the brilliant eyes around it fell!
'Tis love—of every tie the certain teſt;
Secure the charm and bind it to your breaſt;
Without it, marriage vows are dicers oaths;
And folly fullies what affection loaths.
Then ſeize the hint, adopt the gen'rous paſſion:
Bid Doctors Commons be no more in faſhion:
Guard what the trueſt conſtancy imparts,
And ſince your eyes deceive you—truſt your hearts.

PROLOGUE *to the* COUNTRY ATTORNEY.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

IF life is but a jeſt, and all things ſhow it,
Why then commend me to the comic poet;
For he, who makes that life the merrieſt jeſt,
Enjoys it moſt, and underſtands it beſt.
Off then, ye ſons of Tragedy, begone,
And let life's gay interpreter come on!
Your's are fine fingers, and a curious art,
That play fine tunes upon the human heart,
Runs fine diviſions upon AH! and OH!
And ſtrikes fine melody from notes of woe;
But grant our maxim good, and you muſt own
'Tis a dull jeſt that makes the hearers groan.

The world's a ſtage, and they alone can pleaſe,
Who tread that ſtage with gaiety and eaſe.
Laugh where we can, we will; but ſtill our mirth
Shall give no ſcandal to one man of worth.
With honeſt zeal we'll laſh thoſe foes to life,
A perjur'd huſband, and a guilty wife:
And whilſt we ply the rod, the voice of truth
Shall guide its moral to the ear of youth.
Love we ſhall ſhow, but it ſhall be ſuch love
As honor ſtamps, and parents muſt approve.
And with your leave, Attorneys, for this night,
We'll ſet a rare example in your ſight.
Shut not your ears; we never will offend 'em;
As many as are bleſt with ears may lend 'em.

The characters you'll meet are fancied elves;
We don't invite you, ſirs, to ſee yourſelves.
Till modern manners furniſh ſomething new,
The want of novelty muſt reſt with you.
Thus, if wit ſeems to languiſh in the nation,
Tis the effect of general reformation.

Reform

Reform then, till the morals of the age
Leave not one foible to ſupply the ſtage!
Our author wiſhes not to found his fame
On follies that diſgrace the Britiſh name.

EPILOGUE.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, *Eſq.*

Spoken by Miſs FARREN, *in the Character of* LADY RUSTICK.

WHEN Tragedy has made ſoft Pity weep,
Grim Terror rous'd, or wrapp'd the houſe in ſleep,
Out comes the chearful Epilogue, and then
You ſmile, or wake, and are yourſelves again.
Our bard, reſolv'd to pleaſe you, if he can,
Sticks to the ſyſtem, tho' revers'd the plan;
And to five acts of comedy ſucceeds
My Lady Ruſtick in her widow's weeds.

Frown not, grave critics; ſtart not, ladies gay!
I'll preach no fun'ral ſermon o'er our play.
Theſe modes and ſhapes of grief, theſe ſuits of woe,
Oft cover joy "within that paſſeth ſhow."
On huſbands' monuments oft Patience ſits
Smiling in ſorrow, ſad and gay by fits.
Free from the priſon of a dotard's arms,
Her ſable trappings but encreaſe her charms;
As ſkilful jewellers, their gems to grace,
The richeſt brilliants on black velvet place.
Each gentle knight, a witneſs of her grief,
Comforts the fair who ſeems to court relief!
All ornaments laid by, the mournful dreſs
Hangs out a flag, the ſignal of diſtreſs;
As hatchments, o'er the darken'd window ſet,
Proclaim the tenant dead, the houſe to lett.

To-nght

To-night our artiſt ſtrove, it tints not faint,
The portrait of a widow'd wife to paint.
True to her vows, tho' conſcious of her lot,
Enſlav'd to age, and wedded to a ſot;
Firm to the laſt, and freed from nuptial ties,
Conqu'ring the paſſion ſhe wou'd fain diſguiſe.
Yet think not the fair victim's fate too hard!
Nor too ſevere the judgment of our bard!
Too ſoon he held it, in her piteous plight,
Her widow's weeds to change for bridal white;
Or from a fun'ral, like his brother Bayes,
At once a marriage feſtival to raiſe.
Yet with her grief bright rays of hopes he blends:
When Lady Ruſtick's decent ſorrow ends,
My Lady Mallimour ſhall make amends.

EPILOGUE *to* VIMONDA.

Written by Mr. MACKENZIE.

Spoken by Mrs. KEMBLE.

METHINKS our heroine was wond'rous weak
To let a goblin tale her marriage break.
Now, thank our ſtars! the childiſh creed is loſt,
That gave ſuch mighty influence to a ghoſt;
Nor ever, as in theſe old-faſhion'd times,
"Perturbed ſpirits" witneſs ſecret crimes,
Except when rais'd by ſome ſhrewd ſwindling brain,
They thumb, and ſcratch, and vaniſh in Cock-lane.

Our lover's nuptials meet with no delays
From phantom viſitations now-a-days;
More ſolid bars their tender wiſhes croſs,
Deeds to indite, and parchments to engroſs,
Jointures to ſettle, pin-money, debates,
Weighing of rents, and wedding of eſtates.

Or,

Or, ſometimes, ſuch the fate of earthly joys,
Perturbed ſpirits after wedlock riſe;
Spirits of anger, ſullenneſs, and ſtrife,
That blight the genial ſweets of married life;
Paſſions that every exorciſm brave,
And ſtrew indiff'rence o'er Affections grave.
Or ſhould the wife have ſome familiar ſprite,
(Such things there are) that haunts the houſe by night,
He like our bards, if rightly underſtood,
May prove, perhaps, no ghoſt, but fleſh and blood.

But here, within our mimic kingdom's bound,
Still antique ghoſt may walk their nightly round;
Still truncheon'd Hamlet glide, or Banquo's ſhade,
Drive Scotland's tyrant from his ſeat diſmay'd.
Could but our magic ſpells contrive to bind
Spirits before the curtain as behind;
Poets no more ſhall dread the fatal ſound
Of harſh and angry goblin's riſing round,
Of thoſe who howl above*, or hiſs below the ground.†
May milder pow'rs now breathe their influence here,
And join the muſe's ſmile, the muſe's tear;
In his warm ſoil may foſter'd genius ſpring,
And here young fancy ſtretched a bolder wing.

If ſuch kind ſpirits hither make reſort,
Weak as we are, we'll not be frighten'd for't.
Let them walk here, we'll uſe no charms to cure it,
And tho' our houſe be haunted—we'll endure it.

PROLOGUE

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* The Galleries. † The Pit.

PROLOGUE *to the new Muſical Comedy of* TURK AND NO TURK.

Written by the AUTHOR *of the Comedy.*

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

HOW many an aukward youth each day we ſee
Thruſting his perſon into company!
His head up-lifted—round the room he goes,
And treads upon his well-bred neighbour's toes.
The well-bred man—bows—paſſes—nothing meant—
His toe was trod upon by accident.
But ſoon (the civil ſoul ſcarce free from pain)
Egad, he treads upon his toe again!
His patience for the booby now all gone,
He kicks him with the toe he trod upon.
Thus 'tis to-night, for know, poor ſufferers, know,
Our author is the booby—your's the toe.
Ev'n now he ventures—to his old ſin ſticking,
A ſecond piece; and braves the critic's kicking.
Still ſcribbling, till each learned foot he feels
(Not where the foot its uſual bounty deals)
But on his head—his head, ſo out at heels.

Ev'n now I hear yon quidnunc wiſe complain,
His chin propt up on his gold-headed cane.
Ah! happy cane! form'd for that chin alone,
Proving two heads are better far than one.
Rare cane! which ever at each lucky hit
Thumps luſtily the flooring of the pit!
Sweet and ſonorous ſound! ſo clear, ſo good!
'Tis the true critick's ſtamp—'tis wood, wood, wood!

Methinks I hear the ſapient veteran ſay—
'What, has this boy ſcrawl'd out another play?
Another vain attempt to wear the ſock,
Becauſe forſooth, a chip of the old block!

By no entail our patience he inherits:
Try him, if ſtill he writes on his own merits!
On your good nature is his ſole reliance;
High-mettled, vain, at us he hurls defiance.'
Cut then, ſince Cruſty bids, while on he's jogging:
Laſh, laſh the boy—he'll take a deal of flogging.
Whip him like his own gig! he's more your debtor—
The more you cut, you keep him up the better.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Captain TOPHAM.

Spoken by Mrs. WELLS, *in the Character of* COWSLIP.

HAVING ended our play, and the toils of to-night,
From papa who muſt read to his ſon who will write;
While catgut and ſong lend their aid to the work,
I—but hold up the train of this Turk and No Turk:
For tho' with our ladies his whiſkers have ſway,
This ſtrange ſitting croſs-leg is out of my way:
A plain Engliſh girl, from the head to the heart,
Theſe faſhions afford ſimple Cowſlip no part.
But as lately, no doubt, you have heard of the pother
'Twixt the men of one houſe, and the maids of another;
In this gracious aſſembly I riſe in my place—
And Cowſlip, an't pleaſe you, ſhall ſtate her own caſe.

Cramm'd in with fat hampers of perry and ale,
With cheeſe, children, eggs, dogs and ducks, head and tail;
With all that for eating our town could produce—
Nice turkies—and here—O no—there was the gooſe—
The Exeter waggon to Bath brought my face,
And there ſet me down as—'a ſervant for place.'

When word to our inn was next morning convey'd,
That his worſhip the Mayor was in want of a maid—
The Mayor! lack-a-day! what a grand ſituation!
At the foot, of the head—of the whole corporation!

Away went I trudge—little bandbox and all—
For my hopes they were great, as my fortune was ſmall.
The Mayor ſtrok'd his chin—as poor I came in view—
" Why yes, quoth his worſhip—this maid, ſhe may do."
" Are you mad?—cry'd the Mayoreſs—I begs you'll be done—
" There's a tax upon maids—you've no buſineſs with " none.
" At eaſe on this duty may bachelors ſleep,
" And afford double pay for the maids that they keep;
" But we married volk—we muſt not be ſo great,
" They may put ſomething next, on your head or my " *teate.*——
" No ſtockings for me, love, nor Billingſgate mob,
" And no powder unlicens'd for deary's brown bob!
" Our gig, and our maids, then muſt both be laid down,
" Nor, chuck, while I lives, ſhall one coſt you a crown."

Thus our Mayor being, of courſe, of his miniſter's mind,
Poor I was turn'd out—that is—I reſign'd—
For power muſt keep its due balance, they ſay;
To ſome it gives places—it took mine away.

From the Weſt, then to London, I next ſallied forth;
To be rais'd in the Eaſt—like ſome folks from the North.
At this character warehouſe, I firſt made my ſtop,
To retail you ſmall wit—with no tax on our ſhop.

Say then for our lingo—young Lingo I mean;
Shall Cowſlip without her good wiſhes be ſeen?
To this 'pan of the dairy'—not pray for good luck,
And wiſh him 'no roaſt' but her wiſh of—'roaſt duck!'
Hope each belle with her beau has heard ſomething to ſuit her,
And that here we may find no ſuch gender—is neuter!

PROLOGUE *to the Comedy of* I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LADIES and gentlemen—I'll tell you what!—
Yet not, like ancient prologue, tell the plot—
But like a modern prologue, try each way
To win your favour towards the coming play.

Our author is a woman; that's a charm,
Of power to guard herſelf and play from harm.
The muſes—ladies-regent of the pen——
Grant women ſkill, and force, to write like men:
Yet they, like the Æolian maid of old,
Their ſex's character will ever hold;
Not with bold quill too roughly ſtrike the lyre,
But, with the feather, raiſe a ſoft deſire.

Our poeteſs has gain'd ſublimeſt heights!—
Not Sappho's ſelf had ſoar'd to nobler flights!
For ſhe, bright ſpirit, the firſt Britiſh fair,
Climb'd unappall'd, the unſubſtantial air;
And here, beneath the changes of the moon,
Wond'ring you ſaw her launch a grand balloon;
While ſhe, with ſteady courſe, and flight not dull,
Paid a ſhort viſit to the Great Mogul.
Shrink not, nabobs! our poeteſs to-night,
Wakes not the genius of Sir Matthew Mite;
Beyond our hemiſphere ſhe will not roam,
Keeps in the line, and touches nearer home:
Nay will not, as before, howe'er you ſcorn her,
Reach ev'n the turnpike-gate at Hyde-park Corner.—
But, hold!—I ſay too much—I quite forgot—
And ſo, I'll tell you—no—SHE'LL tell you what!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE *to the Comedy of* I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

MALE critics applaud to the ſkies the male ſcribblers;
When a woman attempts they turn carpers and nibblers;
But a true patriot female there's nothing ſo vexes,
As this haughty pre-eminence claim'd 'twixt the ſexes.
The free ſpirit revolts at each hard propoſition,
And meets the whole ſyſtem with loud oppoſition.
Men, 'tis true, in their noddles, huge treaſures may hoard,
But the heart of a woman with paſſions is ſtor'd:
With paſſions, not copied from Latin or Greek,
Which the language of nature in plain Engliſh ſpeak.
Girls, who grieve or rejoice, from true feeling, as I do,
Never dream of Calypſo, or Helen, or Dido.

To the end of our life, from the hour we begin it,
Woman's fate all depends on the critical minute!
A minute unknown to the dull pedant tribe,
And which never feeling, they never deſcribe.
'Tis no work of ſcience, or ſparkle of wit,
But a point which mere nature muſt teach us to hit;
And which, in the changes and turns of my ſtory,
A weak woman's pen has to-night laid before ye.
And ſay, ye grave prudes! ye coquetts too, ah ſay
What a critical minute was mine in the play!
Here poverty, famine, and ſhame and reproach!
There plenty, and eaſe, and a lord, and a coach!
But perhaps our bard held Mrs. Euſton too mean,
And conceiv'd her diſgrace would but lower the ſcene;
Let us then, better pleas'd to acquit than convict her,
On the ground of high-life, ſketch the very ſame picture.

Imagine ſome fair plung'd in modiſh diſtreſs,
Her wants not leſs than mine, nor her agony leſs!
At hazard, ſuppoſe an unfortunate caſt
Has ſwept her laſt guinea, nay more than her laſt!
Her diamonds all mortgaged, her equipage ſold,
Her huſband undone, genteel friends looking cold!
At her feet his ſweet perſon Lord Foppington throws,
The moſt handſome of nobles, the richeſt of beaux!
At once too his love and his bounty diſpenſes,
Sooths with thouſands her grief, lulls with flatt'ry her ſenſes!
Alas! what a minute! ah! what can be done?
All means muſt be tried; and our drama ſhows one.
Let papa in that minute, that ſo frowns upon her,
Redeem the vile debts that encumber her honour!
Let papa in that minute, that teems with undoing,
Step in, like my father, and mar a lord's wooing!
Let her know, as I've known, all the horror that's in it,
And feel the true force of the critical minute!

Thus wiſhes our bard, as ſhe bids me declare;
And ſuch is my wiſh—by mine honour I ſwear!

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN, *on* Mrs. WARREN'S *firſt appearance.*

"TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,"
Has ſtill been found the prologue's friendly part;
But now a kind reception is our aim,
For one who has a more than common claim;
On your indulgence tremblingly depends,
A helpleſs female—ſure you'll be her friends!
'Tis Powell's daughter, he whoſe powerful rays
At once burſt forth, in full meridian blaze;

On

On this ſame ſpot—he wore the palm you gave;
(Oh! ſtate of envy!) wore it to the grave:
Tho' ſoon, alas! by Fate's relentleſs doom,
Left the ſad ſtage, to fill an early tomb;
His life, tho' ſhort, was in your ſervice paſt,
And zeal to pleaſe you, warm'd him to the laſt;
E'en his laſt fault'ring words, as life withdrew,
Boaſted the favours he receiv'd from you;
And when of every other ſenſe bereft,
His gratitude to you alone was left.
I'm told there is among you ſome who knew,
Nay, ſome who lov'd him! have they told me true?
Will you his daughter's efforts then refuſe,
Under the banner of the ſelf-ſame muſe
Which fir'd her father! No, ſhe here ſhall try
If nature unadorn'd, can raiſe one ſigh;
With you, then, it remains to fix her fate,
Yet oh! remember, ere it prove too late,
'Tis no adept that comes—no rival queen,
But one untutor'd in the mimic ſcene,
Without inſtruction! unprotected too!
Save that protection ſhe will meet from you;
If you adopt her, nothing can appall,
Except compariſon!—She there muſt fall;
Shou'd her weak pow'rs with tried deſert be weigh'd,
At once you doom her to Oblivion's ſhade.
Oh! cruſh not then the merit ſhe'll poſſeſs,
Or render it by competition leſs:
To ſuch alarms ſhe muſt not, need not yield,
The father's fame ſhall be the daughter's ſhield,
And if ſome ſparks of genius ſhou'd be found,
Tho' miſts of error may the light ſurround;
Shou'd Merit's weakeſt, fainteſt beams appear,
The rays of kindneſs will expand them here;
If ſome hereditary powers ſhe boaſt,
How faint ſoe'er, they cannot here be loſt;
Shou'd ſhe a ſhadow of his power poſſeſs,
To temper rage—to cheer—to ſoothe diſtreſs;

With

With magic pow'r to ſeize the human frame,
And bid ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame,
You'll with a friendly hand the ſuppliant raiſe,
And may ſhe well reward your utmoſt praiſe,
Spread a bold pinion like her tow'ring fire,
And ſoar a Phœnix from parental fire!

PROLOGUE *to* BON TON.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears ſov'reign ſway,
And words and perriwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modiſh each,
In ſtated diſtricts, wigs as well as ſpeech.
The Tyburn ſcratch, thick club, and Temple tie,
The parſon's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's ſtiles,
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?—"Oh, damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk—"aſk me, my dear, and you're in luck:
"Bon Ton's to ſwear, break windows, beat the watch,
"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your ſwing!
"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's the thing!
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fuſſock warm from Spittalfields.
"Bon Ton's the ſpace 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
"And riding in a one-horſe chair o'Sunday!
"'Tis drinking tea on ſummer afternoons,
"At Bagnigge-wells, with china and gilt ſpoons!
"'Tis laying by our ſtuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
"To dance cow-tillions, all in ſilks and ſattens!"
"Vulgar!"—cries miſs—"obſerve, in higher life,
"The feather'd ſpinſter, and thrice feather'd wife:
"The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a conſtant trade,
"Of rout, feſtino, ball and maſquerade!

"'Tis

" 'Tis plays and puppet-ſhews—'tis ſomething new;
" 'Tis loſing thouſands every night at lu!
" Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reaſon!
" 'Tis ſtiff French ſtays, and fruit—when out of ſeaſon!
" A roſe, when half a guinea is the price;
" A ſet of bays ſcarce bigger than ſix mice:
" To viſit friends—you never wiſh to ſee;
" Marriage 'twixt thoſe who never can agree:
" Old dowagers, dreſs'd, painted, patch'd and curl'd—
" This is Bon Ton, and this we call the world!"
" True," ſays my Lord, " and thou my only ſon,
" Whate'er your faults, ne'er ſin againſt Bon Ton!
" Who toils for learning at a public ſchool,
" And digs for Greek and Latin is a fool.
" French, French, my boy's, the thing! *jaſez!* prate, chatter!
" Trim be the mode, whipt-ſyllabub the matter!
" Walk like a Frenchman; for, on Engliſh pegs,
" Moves native aukwardneſs with two left legs.
" Of courtly friendſhip from a treacherous league,
" Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;
" In ſightly ſemicircles round your nails,
" Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if ſmall talk fails;
" But never *laugh*, whatever jeſt prevails:
" Nothing but nonſenſe e'er gave laughter birth,
" That vulgar way the vulgar ſhew their mirth.
" Laughter's a rude convulſion, ſenſe that juſtles,
" Diſturbs the cockles, and diſtorts the muſcles.
" Hearts may be black, but all ſhould wear clean faces;
" The *graees*, boy! the *graces*, *graces*, *graces!*"

Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city thro'
In building, ſcribbling, fighting, and virtu,
And various other ſhapes, 'twill riſe to view.
To-night, our Bayes, with bold, but careleſs tints,
Hits off a ſketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoiſſeurs allow his rough draughts ſtrike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to ſee 'em, and to like 'em.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE, *on the firſt night of his performing in Dublin, in the year* 1773.

UPWARDS of twenty years are gone and waſted,
Since, in this ſpot,* your favour firſt I taſted.
Urg'd by your ſmiles thro' various realms to roam,
The muſe now brings her motley cargo home;
For frugal nature, with an equal hand,
Beſtows peculiar gifts on ev'ry land:
To France ſhe gave the rapid repartee,
Bows and bon mots, fibs, faſhions, flattery,
Shrugs, grins, grimace, and ſportive gaiety.
Arm'd with the whole artillery of love,
Latium's ſoft ſons poſſeſs the powers to move:
Humour, the foremoſt of the feſtive crew,
Source of the comic ſcene—She gave to you.
Humour, with arched brow and leering eye,
Shrewd, ſubtle, ſneering, ſolemn, ſlow, and ſly;
Serious herſelf, yet laughter ſtill provoking,
By tickling, teazing, gibeing, jeering, joking.
Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth,
'Tis theirs who rule the realm, or till the earth;
Theirs who in ſenates wage the wordy war,
And theirs whoſe humbler lot conducts the car.
If aught deriv'd from her adorns my ſtrain,
You gave—at leaſt, diſcover'd firſt the vein.†
If wide experience, or maturing age,
Have brought or mirth or moral to the ſtage,

To

* Mr. Foote's firſt appearance, as a performer, was in the theatre of Smock-ally.

† The Minor was firſt introduced at Cow-ſtreet theatre.

To you, the patrons of the wilder ſong,
The chaſter notes in juſtice muſt belong;
But ſhould infirmity with time conſpire,
My force to weaken, or abate my fire,
Leſs entertainment may ariſe to you,
But to myſelf leſs danger will enſue.
If age contracts my muſcles, ſhrills my tone, *
No man will claim thoſe foibles as his own.
Nor when I hault, or hobble thro' the ſcene,
Malice point out what citizen I mean;
No foe I fear more than a legal fury,
Unleſs I gain this circle for my jury. †

SCRUB's TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentlefolks,
From the rareſt of ſhews, and moſt wonderful jokes,
Your ſimple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare,
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Litchfield great fair:
Such crowds of fine ladies, ſerenading and ſinging,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing——
To tell it in London muſt ſeem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it as well as I'm able.

Firſt,

---

* It is obvious, that in this place an imitation of Mr. Foot's old friend, Alderman Faulkner, was introduced.

† Alluding to the partial behaviour of one Robinſon, an Iriſh judge, who made himſelf a party in the cauſe between Faulkner and Foote, and ſeems, from conſtitutional and habitual cruelty, better fitted for executing, than pronouncing the law.

Firſt, ſomething, in lingo of ſchools, call'd an ode;
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One ſaid—you may take it for truth, I aſſure you,
'Twas made by the little great man of Old Drury,
By my brother Martin (for whoſe ſake d'ye hear)
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakeſpeare: *
But, honeſtly ſpeaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The proceſſion, 'twas ſaid, would have been a fine train,
But could not come forward—Oh, la! for the rain.
Such tragical comical folks, and ſo fine——
What pity it was that the ſun did not ſhine!
Since ladies and baronets, aldermen, 'ſquires,
All went to this jubilee, full of deſires,
In crowds as they go for to ſee a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the ſhow,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd paſhapee;
But honeſt roaſt beef's the beſt turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts, and, like a bold Briton,
Preſer good plum-pudding to aught I e'er bit on:
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree.
To bed I muſt go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no leſs than a guinea,
For rolling—not ſleeping—in linen ſo damp,
As ſtruck my great toe, ever ſince, with the cramp.
Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great ſmarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the ſplinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear ſweet brother Martin:
He ſpoke, till poor Scrub was juſt fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry:

Which

* This alludes to Mr. Weſton's deſign of playing Richard.

Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,
He's ſecond to none but the Warwickſhire wag.
The jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my ſtory, and ſue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before,
With granting ſuch kindneſs, bound gratitude more.
I love, but to own, with a diligent ſpirit,
Your favours have ever out-run my ſlight merit.

PROLOGUE *to the* SPANISH BARBER.

Spoken by Mr. PARSONS.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig!
The ſame ſpruce air, you ſee, ſame coat, ſame wig!
A mercer ſmart and dapper all allow,
As ever at ſhop-door ſhot off a bow.
'This ſummer—for I love a little prance——
'This ſummer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
'To mark the faſhions—and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig—the firſt of graces!
At Calais, in the diligence, took places;
Travell'd thro' Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as ſtrait as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dreſſes made me ſtare——
Their fav'rite colour is the French Queen's hair!
They're all ſo fine, ſo ſhabby, and ſo gay,
They look like chimney-ſweepers on May-day!
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there;
A Joſeph's coat appears the common wear:
Of ſome I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
We mean to ſhew—'tis true, it is but ſlight;
But then, for ſummer wear, you know that's right.
A little weaver, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it ſhewn—
But, pray obſerve, my friends, 'tis not his own.

I brought it over——nay, if it miſcarries,
He'll cry—" 'tis none of mine—it came from Paris."
But ſhould you like it, he'll ſoon let you know,
'Twas ſpun and manufactur'd in Soho.
—'t had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-ſtreet, and our Spitalfields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards and beaux,
Who ſmuggle thence their learning and their clothes:
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on ſprings;
Tetes built like towers, and rumps like oſtrich wings.
If this piece pleaſe, each ſummer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the ſtraits of Dover.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

Spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mr. BARRY.

WHEN vice, or folly over-runs a ſtate,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate.
When rulers uſeful ſubjects ceaſe to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themſelves to riſe:
When jealouſies and fears poſſeſs the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own,
Can it be ſtrange, that men for flight prepare,
And ſtrive to raiſe a colony elſewhere?
This cuſtom has prevail'd in every age,
And has been ſometimes practis'd on the ſtage;
For—entre nous—theſe managers of merit,
Who fearleſs arm—and take the field with ſpirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod*—have out-Herod-ed—within.
[*Pointing to the Green-Room.*
O! they

* Mr. Quin.

O! they can torture, twenty thouſand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet * retreat from Bays! †
The ladies ‡ too, with ev'ry pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
By ſelfiſh arts expell'd our
In ſearch of candour, and in ſearch of
We from your favour, hope for this retreat.

If Shakeſpear's paſſion, or if Johnſon's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That taſk be ours, but if you damn their ſcenes,
And heroes muſt give way to harlequins,
We, too, can have reſource to 'mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance;
And ſhould the town grow weary of the mute,
Why—we'll produce—a child upon the flute. §
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat;
Long they have feaſted—permit us now to eat.

PROLOGUE *to* APPEARANCE IS AGAINST THEM.

Written by Captain TOPHAM.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

BEFORE this court our authoreſs you'll allow
Muſt feel—a ſimile ſhall tell you how—
And doing what good 'ſquires would do of courſe,
Compare we thus our lady to a horſe—

Suppoſe

* Both Quin and Barry.

† Mr. Garrick. ‡ Mrs. Cibber, &c.

§ A child, ſaid to be but four years of age, had been introduced on the ſtage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that inſtrument.

Suppoſe ſome poney then, of make and blood,
In jocky phraſe—" a little tit, but good,"—
Who, beating all competitors in pace,
Had won the whip at many a country race,
Urg'd by his maſter for the hope of gain,
Shou'd this our poney ſeek Newmarkets rade,
How ſoon might all [illegible]king in cloak jade!
Sunk [illegible]
Fancy Newmarket then the ſcene you ſee,
You are the knowing ones—the poney ſhe;
Has ſhe not then well-founded cauſe for dread?
Speak, wou'd you bett the odds upon her head?
But, ſimile apart, the fact is this,
The day has been ſhe has not done amiſs;
But praiſe has made her tim'rous more than vain,
And late ſucceſs augments the preſent pain,
A woman—there's indulgence in the name—
A widow too—that gives a ſtronger claim!
If ſhe ſhou'd fall, ſhe falls as women do,
Like ſtars—ſucceſsful, ſhe may riſe anew.

The ladies then will not their aid withdraw,
Whoſe ſmile is triumph, and whoſe looks are law.
The beaux, if wits there are amongſt ſuch men,
May gladly claim acquaintance with her pen.
Some bard perhaps, who thrives by oppoſition,
Might from a kind of ſcribbling coalition,
Her aid in odes probationary cite—
Thoſe odes which poet-laureats never write—
Whoſe ſoft court ſmall-talk flows in number bland,
And gently ſports at queſtion and command.
Here, law, with open hand and ready mouth,
There, Scotch, that never reach beyond the ſouth;
Great Indian names that mock articulation,
And Iriſh wit, of Engliſh fabrication.
If wit and beauty then for us unite,
Who will deny their pow'rful aid to-night?

Will

Will you, gay gods, refuſe your broad-brim'd ſmile,
From painted ſkies, and ſtars of patent oil?
Or you, who boaſt beneath a ſnugger birth—
Ye midway deities 'twixt heav'n and earth?
I ſee you're kind, our thanks are due for that;
I find, you've not forgot—*I'll Tell You What?*

PROLOGUE *to the Tragedy of the* CAPTIVES.

By T. VAUGHAN, Eſq.

[*The ſpeaker*, Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. *in the character of a diſtreſſed and diſappointed poet, peeping in at the door, looks round the houſe.*]

ARE you all ſeated?—may I venture in?
[*Noiſe behind.*
Huſh—be quiet—ſtop your unfriendly din——
Whilſt I—with more than common grief oppreſs'd,
A tale unfold!—juſt burſting from my breaſt,
[*Advancing, points to the pit door.*
But firſt—are both your pit doors ſhut, I pray?
Or noiſe will drown my ſtrictures on the play.
[*Noiſe from front boxes opening doors, and calling places.*
Do ye hear—how very hard my caſe is——
Inſtead of bravo, bravo!—places—places!——
[*Mimicking.*
Your ſeat, my lord, is here—your la'ſhip's there,
Indeed it quite diſtracts both bard and play'r.
Truce then with your confounded clank of keys,
And tell theſe fair diſturbers of our eaſe,
At church, perhaps, 'tis no ſuch mighty crime,
But here—quite vulgar to be out of time.
[*Noiſe from front boxes repeated.*

Again—why ſure the devil's in the clown,
Do pray, Sir Harry, knock that fellow down.——
[*Pointing.*
And you, ye gods!—it were a dreadful ſhock,
If thrown from thence—a critic's head is rock.
[*The pit.*
So keep your centries, and my bus'neſs know;
I am a bard, as theſe my acts will ſhew.
[*Pulling out plays from each coat pocket.*
But then the managers—aye! there's the curſe,
Which makes us patient bear the ſad reverſe.
To hear, they've ſeveral pieces to peruſe,
And when I call, all anſwer they refuſe.
But ſay, is't fit, that mine be laid aſide,
To gratify their preſent author's pride?
Who comes with nature, and ſuch idle ſtuff,
As pleaſe my friends above there well enough.
[*The galleries.*
When I, more bold and daring, quit all rules,
[*In the pompous burleſque of tragedy.*
And ſcorn to draw from claſſics and the ſchools;
But bid the dreadful ſerges form a grave,
To ſink the merchant "in the bankrupt wave."
Or when I long for fair Aurora's light,
"I am witch-ridden by the hag of night."
Thus always keep ſublimity in eye,
And ſometimes laid in hand—ſimplicity.
New troops, new paſſages for ever raiſe,
With ſtarts and attitudes to gain your praiſe,
Try every incident of trick and art,
To mend, at once, the drama and the heart.
Such is my ſtile, and ſuch each nervous line,
Which all my friends who read pronounce divine;
And yet theſe hoſtile doors their barriers keep,
And all my labours—in my pockets ſleep.
[*Pointing to them.*
Revenge my cauſe, aſſert each critic right,
And damn, with me, the author of to-night,
Whoſe play, tho' yet unknown, untried, unſeen,
Has felt in paragraphs an author's ſpleen.

But hark!—I'll tell you a ſecret—'twas I,
Who drew the ſhaft, and forg'd the envenom'd lie,
To cruſh this ſimple nature which he boaſts,
Drawn from the manners of the northern coaſts:
For ſhould his hope your generous plaudits meet,
I ſhall be found aboard—the lighter fleet.
[*Advances forward, and kneels.*

Then hear a malefactor in blank verſe,
Nor be led captive by his gothic verſe,
But urge my vengeance, in the cat-call's curſe.
[*Going, ſtops, and looks around the houſe.*

Yet, hold! methinks my words ſeem loſt in air,
And ſmiles of candour for the bard declare;
For here no ſecret influence e'er was known,
But merit triumphs in herſelf alone;
As all who know ye, muſt in this agree,
A Britiſh audience ever will be free.

EPILOGUE *to the* CAPTIVES; *by the Same.*

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

AT length our bark has reach'd the wiſh'd for ſhore,
The winds are huſh'd—but is all danger o'er?
The trembling bard ſtill hovers o'er the main—
Still dreads the dancing waves that laſh in vain;
Clings, like th' affrighted ſailor to the maſt,
And ſhudders at the dangers he has paſſed.

Dangers indeed—for who, in times like theſe,
Would launch his ſhip to plough dramatic ſeas?
Where growling thunders roll, and tempeſts ſweep
Such crowds of bold adventurers to the deep;
O'er his poor head the winds of malice blow,
And waves of angry cenſure rage below.

Critics,

Critics, like monſters, on each ſide appear,
Herald the whale, and ſhark the Gazetteer——
If there he chance t' eſcape, there comes a ſquall
From Lloyd's, St. James's, London, or Whitehall;
Here Chronicle, like Scylla, guards the coaſt,
There foams Charybdis—in the Morning Poſt.
Mark how they break his rudder, cut his cable,
Tear up plan, diction, ſentiment, and fable;
Their order is—an order they enjoy,
To ſeize, to burn, to ſink, and to deſtroy.

What wond'rous chance our author ſhould ſurvive,
That in ſuch boiſt'rous ſeas his bark's alive!
But fond ambition led the bard along,
And ſyren muſes tempted with a ſong;
Fame, like another Circe, beck'ning ſtood,
Wav'd her fair hand, and bad him brave the flood.
Who could reſiſt, when thus ſhe ſhew'd her charms,
Sooth'd his fond hopes, and woo'd him to her arms?
Half-rigg'd—half-mann'd, and leaky, as you find,
He trick'd his frigate out, and brav'd the wind.

Your partial favour ſtill may ſwell his ſails,
And fill his veſſel with propitious gales;
Though pepper'd with ſmall ſhot, and tempeſt-toſs'd,
You ſtill may land him on this golden coaſt;
Convinc'd that thoſe the ſureſt path perſue,
Who truſt their all to candour—and to you.

PROLOGUE *to the Tragedy of* WERTER.

Written by Mr. MEYLER, *of Bath.*

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

THE tragic muſe, attach'd to regal ſhew,
Too long has ſhunn'd the ſcenes of private woe,
In ſplendid diction ſhe entrols the great,
And ſcorns the ſorrows of an humbler ſtate,

[illegible] to deſperation driven,
Where hopeleſs [illegible] its plaintive voice to heaven.

Not ſo our muſe—who, with a partial care,
Makes Werter's tale a garb dramatic wear.
Who has not read of Werter? Hapleſs youth!
The ſlave of paſſion, honour, love, and truth.
Who has not ſigh'd, when, o'er the canvas warm,
The artiſt brings poor Charlotte's beauteous form?
Who but with her has hung o'er Werter's bier,
And ſhed with her the ſympathetic tear?

Our bard—a youth juſt looſen'd from the ſchools,
From grave preceptors and from pedant rules——
With dread, anxiety, and terror, ſues
Your beſt indulgence to his infant muſe.

Conſcious how many obſtacles were near,
Ere Werter's tale could meet the public ear;
With cautious hand—fair Virtue's humble friend—
He ſtrives to draw ſome chaſte, ſome moral end;
To ſhew pale Suicide in horror bleed,
And warn impiety to ſhun the deed.

Doubtful to venture on this ocean vaſt,
And brave the fury of a critic blaſt,
He taught his little bark at firſt to glide
Down the ſmooth ſurface of Avonia's tide;
There, by repeated, kindlieſt ſignals given,
She found—at Bath—an hoſpitable haven.
Her pilots there—implore that, for their ſake,
To this dread port a voyage ſhe may make——
And they, who oft have ſtampt the player's worth,
May bring, perhaps, ſome ſterling author forth.
They gave the bright theatric ſtar a name,
And led a Siddons to the road of fame.
To-night's fair heroine, in her earlier age,
There—ſhone the riſing wonder of the ſtage.

There

There Henderſon! but memory [illegible]
And points to where, ſcarce cold, his relics lie—
O may the favour that adorn'd his name,
With all the laurels of theatric fame,
Extend its influence to our youthful bard,
And ſpare his errors—by a kind award!

EPILOGUE *to the Same.*

Written by Mr. MEYLER, *of Bath.*

Spoken by Miſs BRUNTON.

ERE half recover'd from my ſcene of madneſs,
I'm ſent, kind friends, to cheer you from your ſadneſs;
For 'tis a rule which tyrant cuſtoms teach,
(The rule's perhaps "more honour'd in the breach,")
When thro' long diſmal tragedies you cry,
In trips ma'am Epilogue—your handkerchiefs to dry.
Well, ladies, does this German love-ſick poſſet
Taſte well upon the ſtage as in the cloſet?——
Our author ſure few modern plays has read,
Or what could e'er poſſeſs his youthful head
To write a tragedy upon this pure plan,
The characters all virtuous to a man.
No plumed king to kill his tyrant brother,
Nor rival queens to poiſon one another;
No Spaniſh maſſacre, no Gallic pride,
And only one poor act of ſuicide!——
Whoe'er this Werter was, his life, his end,
Our Britiſh fair muſt ever call him friend;
His tale ſtill pleas'd, yet ſtill bedew'd the eye,
Nay, made the tedious moments glibly fly,
When only your dear lords perhaps were by.
His tale, by Bunery's magic tough pourtray'd,
Your brighteſt chambers ſtill has brighter made;
E'en on the ſattin which preſerves your hands,
The hapleſs Werter's penſive Charlotte ſtands.

Thus

Thus for the play—whoſe author's tender age
Pleads ſtrong—ſeverity's dead ſtripes t'aſſuage.

" Now for myſelf—whoſe ſlender efforts meet
" More favours here than words can well repeat;
" Myſelf, tranſplanted to your foſt'ring care,
" Whoſe kind indulgence all my errors ſpare,
" Shall ſtrive, whilſt emulation ſtrains each nerve,
" Your kind protection juſtly to deſerve;
" And tho' my pow'rs not equal your applauſe,
" My deligence ſhall know nor reſt nor pauſe,
" But hand in hand with gratitude endeavour,
" If not to equal—yet to keep your favour."

The morning bloſſom, in its early birth,
Shews little proſpect of its future worth;
But warm'd by Summer's animating rays,
To fruit it ripens, and with fruit repays:—
So our young bard, of your applauſe ſecure,
In time may ripen, and become mature;
In time, perhaps, ſome better ſtory write,
Perhaps—repay the candour of to-night.

The lines between inverted commas were ſpoken by Miſs Brunton at her benefit. They were afterwards omitted, and the laſt eight lines ſubſtituted.

PROLOGUE *to the* WIDOW's VOW.

Written by Mr. HOLCROFT.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

PROLOGUES, with cauſtic touch, have often tried
To probe your ſpleen; prove knaves and fools allied:
Have twiſted words, and wit, ten thouſand ways,
To ſhew that theſe are moſt degen'rate days.

A diff'rent

A diff'rent taſk be ours. We'll prove that you
Are wiſe and happy. Nay! though ſtrange 'tis true!

Firſt on your ſafety think! now belles appear
By ample bulwarks guarded—front and rear!
Now male and female amble, ſide by ſide,
Exempt from harm, by breaſtworks fortified!
Here Polygons defend Miſs Molly's breaſt!
There Hornworks huſh the huſbands fears to reſt!
By ramparts, daily rais'd, he's freed from cares;
If he'll but grant ſufficient for repairs.

Our ſtrength, thus prov'd, proceed we to diſcloſe,
How new-made wealth through new-made channels flows:
How rich we are in medal ruſt, and rare things;
In copper coins, gilt pence, and—Queen Ann farthings!
How ſhells, ſtuf'd monkies, and cremonas old,
In hand of auctioneer, are current gold!

He "going! going!" cries, "the hammer's up;
"This fine antique! This Roman caudle-cup!"
A gem ſo rare makes connoiſſeurs turn pale;
Fearful alike, to purchaſe or to fail.
Hope trembles, ſtarts, from lip to lip rebounds,
'Till down he's knock'd by——Ah! one thouſand pounds!
The envied purchaſer, with joy elate,
Pays for his prize by—ſelling his eſtate!
While Smirk, in florid ſtyle, words nicely plac'd,
Proteſts the lot does 'anner to his taſte! [*Mimicking.*

Yes! ſure you're happy! and ſhould reſt content,
Now landſcapes are reduc'd fifteen per cent.
And Claude's and Titian's new-found wonders may
By new-made peers be bought, if new-made peers can pay. [*Aſſuming ſorrow.*

One

One thing, indeed, may well your piece invade,
[*Weeps.*
Pawnbrokers!—threaten you to leave off trade.
[*Returning to his former cheerful tone.*
All things conſidered, now, while ſafety ſmiles,
And wealth inundates thus our queen of iſles!
While Vickery head-defects ſo ſoon repairs,
And half unpeoples Greenland of her bears;
While exhibitions, galas, and reviews;
Liſle-ſtreet, Vauxhall, the Abbey, Handel, Hughes,
Flutes, fiddles, trombos, double-drums, baſſoons,
Mara, the ſqueaking figure, fiſh-balloons,
Earth-baths, live-eagles, ſuch as never flew,
L'Hercule du Roi! and general Jackoo!
While theſe create a round of ſuch delight,
Sure, we may hope, you will not frown to-night!
While farces numerous as theſe go down,
Our farce may, in its turn, amuſe the town!
And ſmiling thus on folly's vaſt career,
Sure, not on us, alone you'll be ſevere.

PROLOGUE *at the opening of the* THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET, June 9.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY,

LE SAGE, of life and manners no mean teacher,
Draws an Archbiſhop, once a famous preacher;
Till appoplex'd at laſt, his congregation
Smelt apoplexy in each dull oration.

Our chief, alas, ſince here we parted laſt,
Has many a heavy hour of anguiſh paſt;

Meanwhile by Malice it was ſaid and written,
His mind and body both at once were ſmitten;*
Yet now return'd in promiſing condition,
Alive, in very ſpite of his phyſician,
Again with rapture hails the generous town,
Sure that misfortune never meets their frown!

Fam'd Paſquin, his applauded predeceſſor,
'Gainſt wit and humour never a tranſgreſſor,
Still cheer'd your vacant hour with jeſt and whim,
When hapleſs Chance depriv'd him of a limb:
But you, who long enjoy'd the tree's full ſhade,
Cheriſh'd the pollard, and were well repaid;
Shall then his follower leſs your favour ſhare,
Or, rais'd by former kindneſs, now deſpair?
No! form your ſmiles deriving all his light,
Thoſe genial beams ſhall make his flame more bright.
Warm gratitude for all your kindneſs paſt
Shall ſoothe diſeaſe, and charm Affliction's blaſt:
By Reaſon's twilight we may go aſtray,
But honeſt Nature ſheds a purer ray;
While, more by Feeling than by Caution led,
The heart corrects the errors of the head.

Cheer'd by theſe hopes, he baniſhes all fear,
And truſts, at leaſt, you'll find no palſy here.

PROLOGUE

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* Alluding to a paragraph in the Public Advertiſer of November 4, 1785. This couplet, omitted at the theatre, is here reſtored, in order to prevent any miſapplication of the next line but one.

PROLOGUE *to the Comedy of the* DISBANDED OFFICER; or, the BARONESS of BRUCHSAL.

IN days of old, on property and trade,
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid;
But modern politicks, with reins more lax,
Comforts adminiſter, with every tax;
Hold out douceurs, by way of compenſation,
And make the burthen light by Commutation.
Tea's now a drug ſo cheap, with draughts bewitching,
Imperial, congou, hyſon, charm'd the kitchen:
Bohea, like bull's blood, in coarſe delf ne'er ſeen,
Neat Wedgwood deals ſouchong, or fineſt green;
Breakfaſt well over, we prepare to dine,
For which the ſtate provides us genuine wine!
Adultery, by act of parliament forbid,
No more in cellars and dark caves lies hid;
No more from ſloes ſound port the vintners drain,
No more from turnip-juice brew briſk champagne.

Ah! were our plays thus wiſely ſupervis'd,
Humours and paſſions gag'd, and plots excis'd,
What frauds wou'd be unveil'd! Sophiſtication,
Much contraband, and much adulteration!
Neat as imported is the conſtant boaſt,
Tho' ſmuggling ſmacks and cutters crowd the coaſt;
At many a pilfer'd ſcene you've cry'd and laugh'd,
And oft for home-brew'd balderdaſh have quaff'd;
Plays, from French vineyards drawn, have learnt to pleaſe,
Run, like Southampton port, on claret lees;
While the bard cries, to ſmuggling no great foe,
"'Tis Engliſh, Engliſh, ſirs, from top to toe!"

To-night, a new advent'rer vents his ſtock,
And brings you from the Rhine ſome good old hock;
Waves but his wand—a true dramatic Merlin—
Preſto! you're charm'd from London—plac'd in Berlin.

There lies our ſcene to-night—an hour or two,
True Pruſſians, we muſt do as Pruſſians do.
Our goods, our habits, are of German growth,
Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both.
Leſſing, a German bard of high renown,
Long on the continent has charm'd the town;
His plays as much applauded at Vienna,
As here the School for Scandal, or Duenna.
From this bold outline draws our preſent Bayes,
And on his canvas Engliſh colours lays:
Rumbling and rough, tho' Bruchſal's name appear,
Grating harſh thunder on the Engliſh ear—
Yet ſhe may charm—and prove, ere ſhe departs,
That ladies with hard names have tender hearts.

EPILOGUE *to the Comedy of the* DISBANDED OFFICER.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

WHEN ancients held the muſes' ſteed in rein,
Bards were to teach as well as entertain;
And draw fit characters, to let folks ſee,
What they ought not, and what they ought to be.
Folly, in Satire's glaſs, is ſafely ſhewn,
For Laughter thinks no feature there his own;
But Vice, by virtuous portraits, feels aſpers'd,
And calls them fictious, and a world revers'd.
What fate then muſt our characters expect,
Whoſe too great goodneſs is their great defect?

An officer, rejecting, out of rule,
An heireſs—'ſtead of ſtealing one from ſchool;
That heireſs, huſband-hunting—not by ſtealth—
And feigning want to cheat one into wealth:

A groom

A groom reſolv'd to ſhare a maſter's ſorrow;
A fool that's angry, 'cauſe a friend wont borrow.
Whate'er ſuch characters abroad appear,
Tho' natural—they're out of faſhion here.

France, where in wit, dreſs, folly, taſte, and ſin,
Refinement (ſave in morals) all begin;
Conſign'd to duſty ſhelves with claſſic lore,
Virtue's dead language, which ſhe ſpoke no more.
"Hang ſentiments," the Palais Royal cry'd,
"Hang ſentiments," St. Honore reply'd,
"Hang ſentiments," the hall re-echoed round,
And *Rue d'Enfer* exulted at the ſound.
The ſtage no more in vain attempts their ſtay,
Vice flows up to the *Follies of the Day;*
While Faſhion ſpares Inſtruction's needleſs taſk;
To laugh and ſtare is all that loungers aſk;
And bards in ev'ry lobby now diſcern,
That the gay world has nothing more to learn.

Expect from France, then, plays perform'd by dogs,
Spoken by clocks, or ſpelt by learned hogs;
Geeſe, on two horſes, hunting a tame fox,
And 'ſtead of dancing Frenchmen, dancing ducks;
Perhaps, to drive the muſe from ev'ry hope,
Huge elephants ſhall ſkip upon a rope,
Or, ſhall the ſtill ſome few adherents keep,
Why magnetiſm ſhall tickle them to ſleep—
Nay, laugh not, ſceptics—there a patient ſtands,
That can expect no cure but from your hands;
Then by your treatment of the poor, pale creature,
Prove Britiſh magnetiſm to be—good nature.

PROLOGUE *to General* BURGOYNE'S *Comedy of* THE HEIRESS.

Written by the Right Hon. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

AS ſprightly ſun-beams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempeſts calmly glide away;
So when the poet's dark horizon clears,
Array'd in ſmiles, the Epilogue appears.
She of that houſe the lively emblem ſtill,
Whoſe brilliant ſpeakers ſtart what themes they will;
Still varying topics for her ſportive rhymes,
From all the follies of theſe fruitful times;
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull,
Prologues, like Peers, by privilege are dull.
In ſolemn ſtrain addreſs th' aſſembled pit,
The legal judges of dramatic wit,
Confining ſtill with dignified decorum,
Their obſervations—to the play before e'm.

Now when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
(That ſweet exemption from a double tax)
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
And Hymen adds one ſolid comfort more,
To all thoſe comforts he confer'd before;
To ſmoothe the rough laborious road to fame,
Our bard has choſen—an alluring name.
As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
The imperfections of a homely bride,
This tempting title, he perhaps expects,
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects:
Thus ſixty's wrinkles, view'd thro' Fortune's glaſs,
The roſy dimples of ſixteen ſurpaſs:
The modern ſuitor graſps his fair one's hand,
O'erlooks her perſon, and adores—her land;

Leers

Leers on her houſes with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous ſigh,
His heart-felt pangs through groves of—tember vents,
And runs diſtracted for—her three per cents.

Will thus the poet's mimic Heireſs find,
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taſte to hit,
The lady's portion paid in ſterling wit?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heireſs for her whole eſtate:
Rich in your ſmiles, ſhe charms th' admiring town;
A very bankrupt, ſhould you chance to frown:
O may a verdict, giv'n in your applauſe,
Pronounce the proſp'rous iſſue of her cauſe,
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her HEIRESS of—the public favour!

EPILOGUE. *Spoken by* Miſs FARREN.

THE comic muſe, who here enacts her ſhrine,
To court your offerings, and accepts of mine,
Sends me to ſtate an anxious author's plea,
And wait with humble hope this court's decree.
By no prerogative will ſhe decide,
She vows an Engliſh jury is her pride.
Then for our HEIRESS—forc'd from finer air,
That lately fan'd her plumes in Berkley-ſquare;
Will ſhe be helpleſs in her new reſort,
And find no friends—about the inns of court?
Sages be candid—tho' you hate a knave,
Sure, for example you'll a Rightly ſave.
Be kind for once, ye clerks—ye ſportive ſirs,
Who haunt our theatres in boots and ſpurs,
So may you ſafely preſs your nightly hobby,
Run the whole ring—and end it in the lobby.
Lovers of truth, be kind, and own that here,
That love is ſtrain'd as far as it will bear.

Poets

Poets may write—philoſophers may dream——
But would the world bear truth in the extreme?
What, not one Blandiſh left behind! not one!
Poets are mute, and painters all undone:
Where are thoſe charms that nature's term ſurvive,
The maiden bloom that glows at forty-five?
Truth takes the pencil—wrinkle—freckles—ſquint,
The whole's transform'd, or elſe the devil's in't,
Dimples turn ſcars, the ſmile becomes a ſcowl!
The hair the ivy buſh, the face the owl,

But ſhall an author mock the flatt'rer's pow'r?
Oh might you all be Blandiſhes this hour!
Then would the candid jurors of the pit,
Grant their mild paſſport to the realms of wit;
Then would I mount the car where oft I ride,
And place the favour'd culprit by my ſide.
To aid our flight—one faſhionable hint——
See my authority—a morning print——
"We learn"—obſerve it ladies—"France's queen,
"Loves, like our own, a heart-directed ſcene;
"And while each thought ſhe weighs, each beauty
ſcans,
"Breaks, in one night's applauſe, a ſcore of fans!"
[*Beating her fan againſt her hand.*
Adopt the mode, ye belles—ſo end my prattle,
And ſhew how you'll out-do a Bourbon rattle.

PROLOGUE *to the Comedy of* 'TIT FOR TAT.

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LONG hath old England given, as from the helm,
Dramatic law to every ſiſter realm.
Scotland her theatres delights to rear,
But for ſupplies, for ways and means, looks here:
Hibernia

Hibernia too improves the friendly hint;
" A new play, honey! faith, there's nothing in't,
" For we have all their manuſcripts in print."
Teague ſpeaks but truth. Acroſs St. George's channel,
John Bull in vain his juries wou'd impannel;
In vain expects grave chancellors to ſit,
And guard by equity the rights of wit;
While diſtant managers feel no compunctions,
And laugh alike at actions or injunctions.

Yet to be juſt ourſelves, we own to-day,
That from Hibernia comes our printed play;
A play firſt flowing from a Frenchman's pen,
Cork'd, bottled there; decanted here again.
Three acts in Paris kept the ſcenes alive,
And thoſe three acts in Dublin ſwell'd to five;
But dwarfs ne'er treading giant's cauſeways, we
Lop off two legs, and reſt again on three.

Oh, on our tripod may we firmly ſtand,
And hail, like them, our cargo ſafe on land!
French, Iriſh, Engliſh, whatſoe'er the freight,
Your ſentence ſtamps its merit, ſeals its fate.

From me, whoſe utmoſt aim is your delight,
Accept the humble off'ring of to-night!
To pleaſe, wherever plac'd, be ſtill my care,
At Drury, Haymarket—or Wellcloſe-ſquare!

EPILOGUE. *Written by a* FRIEND.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

IN times of yore, our anceſtors diſcreet,
Thought woman's ſafeſt ſtation was retreat:
Over her tender chick Dame Partlet then
Preach'd this grave leſſon, " Mind, beware of men!"

Still

Still o'er and o'er repeating night and day,
" Fly, ſhun 'em all as animals of prey!"
But now, or their's is chang'd, or elſe our nature,
And man's not held ſo terrible a creature.
No dame now takes beneath the wing her charge,
But lets the tender chicken roam at large.
Should Square-Toes fret—the anſwer then is pat,
Our girl's no fool—ſhe'll give him Tit for Tat.
Miſs, free from ſchool, and ſtrong by ſanction grown,
Leads half a ſcore wild fellows round the town.
For ev'ry ſmile, a ſmile is at command—
For ev'ry bow, a curtſey's near at hand—
For ogling, flirting, frolic, fancy, chat,
Belles equal beaux—and miſs gives Tit for Tat.
The firſt that offers wins her eaſy heart,
And Gretna's Blackſmith joins 'm ne'er to part.
Now like fair Venus' turtles view the pair,
This coos—my love, and that returns my dear.
At length a ſhort moon waſted, one to that,
How runs the reck'ning of—Our Tit for Tat.
He rails—ſhe ſcolds—they're yet upon the ſquare,
There's ſtill a Rowland for an Oliver.
To clubs abroad, and taverns ſhould he roam,
She'll have her cards, and private friends at home.
" Your temper, madam!"—" Sir, our tempers ſuit,
" You once were kind, and you, but now a brute."
Should he prove falſe, what remedy for that?
Gallant for miſtreſs—'tis but Tit for Tat.
Since, like to like, how ſhall our friend requite,
Thoſe whom their kindneſs have brought here to-night.
Be pleas'd with his endeavour, grant but that,
And well you will repay him Tit for Tat.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *to the Comedy of* HE WOUL'D BE A SOLDIER.

Written by FREDERICK PILON, *author of the Comedy.*

Spoken by Mr. FARREN.

PROLOGUES were firſt plain, ſimple bills of fare;
You juſt were told your entertainment there,
Without parade, or aim at brilliant hit,
Genius was thrifty then, as rich in wit.
Our modern bards a diff'rent plan purſue,
And a fair outſide always hold to view;
With point and jeſt the prologue ſtill muſt play,
And ſtrike each inſect folly of the day.
But folly now unſtricken, wild may fly,
For the muſe waſt's a fav'rite to the ſky:
Can little objects charm or fill the mind,
When Howard's claims are known to all mankind?
Diſtance and clime in him excite no fears;
He viſits dungeons, and the ſick-bed cheers;
Fearleſs of danger, nobly on he goes,
Round the whole globe, to heal the wretches' woes:
Brother to all who like himſelf had birth,
He walks his Maker's meſſenger on earth;
And in the monument his country rears,
That country a divided glory ſhares.
To a great people, thus to merit true;
Why for our bard ſhould we protection ſue?
Worth ſtill you foſter; and where faults are found,
You probe to heal, and not enlarge the wound.
The reaſon ſtrong that guides your ev'ry aim,
Cancels or ſeals diſintereſted fame.
If Engliſh genius ſoaring eagle-high,
All nations drop ſtill in a lower ſky,
It is becauſe the ſons of fame well know,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, you beſtow.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE. *Written by the author of the Comedy.*

Spoken by Mrs. POPE.

NOW critic Jove the ſcale aloft ſuſpends;
On whoſe dread beam the poet's fate depends:
Ye gods above, high arbiters of wit,
Who on your ſhilling thrones in councils ſit;
You I emplore, for our poor bard afraid,
To grant celeſtial, upper gall'ry aid;
If you approve, with Cato I ſhall cry,
The gods take care of poets in the ſky!
As for the ladies—they'll ſure hear my pray'r,
New charms good nature lends the faireſt fair;
Beſides, I hardly think they can be foes,
To a fond maid who a brave ſoldier choſe.
Who like a ſoldier charms the fair one's eyes?
The queen of beauty was a ſoldier's prize.
In love, as war, the brave man beſt ſucceeds:
Our ſex reveres that valour which it needs.
Ye beaux, ſo finely waſted now a-days,
That one would almoſt ſwear you put on ſtays;
You, I confeſs, create no great alarm,
You hav'n't ſpirit to do good—or harm.
But yonder I eſpy ſome dangerous faces;
Good critics, I entreat your favouring graces;
All I requeſt is, when a fault's ſet down,
It's neighbouring beauty may be told the town;
But after this, if you attempt to growl,
I'll excommunicate you, ev'ry ſoul!
In my lawn ſleeves and ſhirt, I'll come ſo big,
In every thing a biſhop, but his wig:
Nay, if you doubt, an army I will bring
Of biſhops, who may crown the greateſt king:
Their ſleeves of lawn, the down-wings of the dove;
Their ſaſh, the ceſtus of the queen of love;
With aid like this, and aid you'll own divine,
Who wou'd not think ſucceſs were ſurely mine?
In anxious hope I wait the dread decree,
That muſt be final both to bard and me.

PROLOGUE *to the Comedy, called* A SCHOOL FOR GREY-BEARDS.

Written by Mr. COBB.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

PROLOGUES, like mirrours which opticians place
In their ſhop windows, to reflect each face
That paſſes by, ſtill mark how faſhion varies;
Reflecting ton in all her wild vigaries;
Point out when hats and caps are large and ſmall,
And regiſter when collars riſe or fall:
Nay, bolder grown, have ſought for your applauſe,
With many a naughty joke on cork and gauze.

Yet howſoe'er the ſaucy comic muſe,
Delights fantaſtic Faſhion to abuſe,
From pert Thalia's wit let's try to ſave her,
And ſee what can be found in Faſhion's favour.
How many own immortal Handel's ſway,
Since Faſhion to the Abbey led the way!
There taking long neglected Nature's part,
She hail'd him Shakeſpeare of th' harmonic art.
In vain had warbled Galatea's woe,
If Faſhion had not bid the tear to flow;
"Hailſtones and fire" had ſpent their rage in vain;
You might as well have heard a ſhower of rain.

But now awaken'd to his magic ſong,
Folks wonder how the deuce they ſlept ſo long.
His tortur'd airs, all voices made to ſuit;
His choruſſes, adapted to a flute;
Hand-organ, hurdygurdy, tambourine,
In Handel's praiſe all join the general din.

When miſs is teas'd to ſing by every gueſt,
And fond mama, too, joining with the reſt,
Cries, "get the new guittar papa has bought you,
"Play the new leſſon Mr. Tweedle taught you,"

Miſs hems and ſimpers—feigns a cold of courſe—
After the uſual, " Dear ſir—I'm ſo hoarſe,"
Inſtead of a cotillion from her book,
Where favour'd Handel triumphs o'er Malbrook,
By way of prelude to the charming ſquall,
Thrums like a minuet the march in Saul;
Papa, too, who a connoiſſeur now grows,
Accompanies divinely—with his noſe.

Since muſic is ſo univerſal grown,
Shall not our Mourning Bride its influence own?
Sure 'tis the wiſh of every female breaſt,
That Harmony may ſoothe her ſoul to reſt.
Guided by Harmony's enchanting laws,
Her ſweeteſt muſic will be—your applauſe.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. COBB.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

" A MOURNING BRIDE! that would be ſomething new!
" That I'm a mourning huſband is too true,"
Cries old Sir Teſty in his gouty chair—
" Ah! could I wedlock's fatal ſlip repair.
" But young wives are like a flying gout;
" Torments for which no cure was e'er found out:
" Both old men's plagues—to puniſh youthful tricks,
" Equally difficult, alas, to fix!
" Of wife and gout, alike I ſtand in dread;
" For both, I fear, ſometimes affect the head."

Thus rail old cynics, ſtriving to diſparage
The charming ſilken ties of modern marriage—
In former times when folks agreed to wed,
The ſilent bride by ſilent bridgroom led,
Up to the altar march'd in ſolemn ſtate:
All was demure and ſtupidly ſedate.

Impreſs'd

Impreſs'd with awe, while neither dar'd to ſpeak;
A wedding was a mere *Ballet Tragique*.
Thank heav'n, we're paſt the ages of romance,
Wedlock is now a kind of country dance,
Where man and wife with ſmiles each other greet;
Take hands, change ſides, and part as ſoon as meet.
Pleaſure's ſoft accents every care diſpel,
While Hymen fiddles *vive la Bagatelle*.

Bleſt age! when ceremony's charms are worn,
Like bracelets, not to fetter, but adorn!—
When we aſſume deep mourning's ſhew,
'Tis etiquette preſcribes the form of woe.
Whate'er our loſs, we muſt have faſhion's leave
Ere we can venture decently to grieve,
Blameleſs the heir o'er the dear parchment chuckles
If he's unpowdered, and he wears black buckles;
Till the Grey Frock ſpeaks his firſt anguſh o'er,
And he's but half as wretched as before.—
'Ere the gay widow firſt abroad is ſeen,
Deck't in exhilirating bombazeen;
While the dear colonel viſits unſuſpected,
And ſhe's "as well as could have been expected."
Cuſtom's indulgence wiſely does ſhe borrow,
In caſes of compliment diſplays her ſorrow;
Of tears her black edg'd paper fills the place,
Mourns as her proxy, and preſerves her face.

Our Mourning Bride—who with no ſorrow labours,
And mourns but in appearance like her neighbours,
Tho' force'd by etiquette to drop a tear,
Good humour loves as well as any here;
Bleſt in the fate which thoſe kind ſmiles decree her,
Hopes that her friends will often come to ſee her.

PROLOGUE *to* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written by Mr. FAWKNER,

And Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

OF modern tragic bards how few are found,
Who dare to truſt themſelves on open ground:
In Fiction's fortreſſes they love to lie,
To coin their flimſy tales, and vainly try
To move your paſſions by an idle ſhew
Of fancied ſorrows, and ideal woe;
To Greece, to France, to Italy they roam,
To lead you as they pleaſe, when far from home.

Our author moves not from his native land;
Here, in this little Iſle, he takes his ſtand;
Convinc'd, of tragic, as of comic ſtore,
No other nation ever yielded more:
And friend to freedom, he diſdains the rules,
The narrow precepts, of the foreign ſchools.
No labour'd ſtratagems theſe ſcenes preſent,
No ſudden change, nor unprepar'd event!
With chaſter art, he writes not to the eyes,
Nor would he ſtoop to win you by ſurprize;
Yet hopes, with names familiar to your ears,
To raiſe your horror, and draw down your tears:
To prove that injur'd Mary owed her fate
To love of juſtice leſs than jealous hate?

'Tis true, Elizabeth's victorious hand,
From Spaniſh tyrants ſav'd the threatened land:
Wiſe were her counſellors: her warriors brave;
But ſhe was woman ſtill, and paſſion's ſlave!
Fram'd as ſhe was for policy and arms,
She vainly claim'd pre-eminence of charms!
See her with jealouſy then frantic grown,
Dread Mary's ſmiles, far more than Phillip's frown.

Is there amongſt you, who with ſtadfaſt eye
Can Mary's ſuff'rings view, nor heave a ſigh?
From kinder ſkies, and from luxurious courts,
From tilts and tournaments, and feaſts and ſports,
She came to govern (oh too hard a part)
A barb'rous nation, and a tender heart;
And fell a victim, in that ſullen age,
To faction's fury, and fanatic rage.
Oh, had ſhe liv'd in more enlighten'd times,
When graces were not ſins, nor talents crimes,
Admiring nations had confeſs'd her worth,
And Scotland ſhone the Athens of the North!
Too long has malice ſported with her fame,
And juſtice ſlumber'd o'er her injur'd name——
Truth to the heart at length ſhall force its way,
And reaſon juſtify the paſſions ſway.

EPILOGUE *to the Same.*

Written by Mr. St. JOHN,

And Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

WERE you not told, before the play began,
Our author ventur'd on a daring plan;
A tale of woe, replete with griefs hiſtoric,
Told in an age of levity and frolic?
Was this a place to ſet up a defence,
And talk of injur'd Mary's innocence?——
Of late diſcoveries drawn from dates and words,
Old rotten parchments, muſty dull records?
No—all is now but tinſel, ſhow, this age
Turns a deaf ear—but keenly views the ſtage!
The tragic muſe, with all the ſiſters nine,
Are now eclips'd—Aladin's lamp doth ſhine!
Exulting o'er their tomb—ſee boxers ſpar!
And beaux in rapture envy ev'ry ſcar!

Learning was valued once, and wit!—what then?
The ſtage could boaſt Ben Johnſon—now, Big Ben!
Shakeſpeare make room for Humphreys—that's the way,
To bring the men of faſhion to the play!

But to our bard—how ſhall we judge his caſe?
He ſcorns the unities of time and place:
Critics, what ſay ye?—muſt he ſue for peace
To wits of modern France, and ancient Greece?

The great Voltaire has told us, that a play
Should be within our houſe, and in one day—
But in one evening, how can it be right,
To repreſent the morning, noon, and night?
To hail Aurora, ſwear the ſun-beam glows,
While theſe vile lamps ſtill ſtare beneath my noſe.
And as to place—deception's all in vain——
All night we've known, that this is Drury-lane.

Thus Engliſh Johnſon's ſterling art and ſenſe
Treat this French rule, as a poor, weak pretence
To check their narrow genius—an expedient
To make their fable, like themſelves, obedient.

When action, uniform in every part,
Guides the clear tale directly to the heart,
In vain dramatic pedants may combine
The freeborn muſe, by weak'ning to refine,
Whene'er ſhe monnts, their damp, cold veil to fling,
And clip the maſter-feather of her wing.

No, let the tragic muſe range far and wide;
Bind not in chains the paſſion's faithful guide;
Let the full heart expand, and ſeek relief
From the ſweet luxury of virtuous grief.
May no ſtern critic in falſe ſhame controul
The noble weakneſs of each gen'rous ſoul;
Dare then to feel, let nature ſtand confeſt—
The brighteſt ſpirit, fills the tendereſt breaſt.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE *to* FALSE APPEARANCES.

By the Right Hon. General CONWAY.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

LAUNCH'D on the boſom of the gentle tide,
With friendly hands its eaſy courſe to guide;
With gilded tackling, and with ſilken ſail,
To catch of kind applauſe the flatt'ring gale;
Say, what ſtrange phrenzy in the poet's brain,
Urg'd his frail bark to tempt the ſtormy main;
(Far from the kindly ſafe protecting ſhore)
Where the winds whiſtle and the tempeſts roar?
With ſuch a cargo too, ſuch motley ſtuff!
For 'tis a ſtrange aſſortment ſure enough.
Some proſe, ſome verſe, ſome merry, and ſome ſad;
Some good, we hope; and much I doubt, ſome bad;
Some old, ſome new, ſome Engliſh, ſome from France,
Though not their weeping comedy, nor dance.
An Abbé too! a ſight you've ſeldom ſeen;
A parrot cloath'd in black, inſtead of green;
Half church, half law, half clerk, half militant!
Though in a band, the creature will not cant.
He's light too, not o'ercharg'd with cleric lore;—
One good fat parſon would outweigh a ſcore:
He will not therefore ſink us by his weight,
And if he makes you laugh, he pays his freight.
We're all above-board—did not mean to ſteal,
But to declare our goods, and fairly deal,
All in the legal way of importation,
Though there may be ſome ſmall adulteration,
Some merit yet's our merchant-author's plea;
From gallic chains he ſet his drama free;
Where the ear's wearied with perpetual rhymes,
Like the dull jingle of their clatt'ring chimes:
Where male and female verſe, with conſtant ſtrife,
Drag one ſad endleſs yoke, like man and wife.——

But

But let our blame be bounded as it ought—
No general cenſure ſuits a ſingle fault.
How often mix'd in the ſame garden grows
The baneful hemlock with the fragrant roſe!
And its mere common ſenſe each man relies on,
To chuſe the perfume and reject the poiſon.
In fame, and honour, long their ſtage has ſhin'd,
Correct in manners as in taſte refin'd;
We'd not detract an atom from their praiſe,
But ad the civic to the muſe's bays:
And ſhou'd the genius of this happy iſle
On Gallia's ſons at length propitious ſmile,
While in each breaſt the patriot ſpirit glows,
We'd hail as brothers, whom we've met as foes:
To the ſame point their generous ardour tends;
The friends to freedom muſt be Britain's friends.
And may the ſov'reign Pow'r that rules above,
Unbounded in its wiſdom as its love,
To no one nation, nor no ſpot confin'd,
Extend that beſt of bleſſings to mankind!

EPILOGUE. *Written by* Lieut. General BURGOYNE.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

[*A Looking-glaſs hanging from her Wriſt.*]

SOLDIERS turn poets!—That's no mighty wonder:
But 'ſtead of tragic battle, death, and thunder,
Our bard takes FALSE APPEARANCES in hand;
A ſubject he could never underſtand.
Peace, then, to efforts in theſe ſcenes diſplay'd,
I come to try the world in maſquerade;
From every borrow'd dreſs to ſtrip the mind,
And 'midſt diſtortions, Nature's image find.
This wondrous mirror!—look at it with awe——
Is that which Addiſon in viſion ſaw,

When

When beaming o'er each ſex in age and youth,
The hand of juſtice held the glaſs of truth.
Where it has lain, none knows—by intereſt hid,
In cities dreaded, and in courts forbid;
But with this wreath of fadeleſs laurel round it:
Dropt in the muſe's walk, our poet found it.
Ye party tribes, bleſt with ſo many faces,
Ye know not which to chuſe in certain caſes;
Or ye with one, one ever pregnant ſmile,
Proof to all changes of this changeful iſle;
Maids, wives, and widows, all are in my power,
This is no dreaming viſionary hour;
For by this light of conſcious lamps I ſwear,
This dear, ſweet gift, ſhall ſhow me what you are.
Hats off—down fans—no hoodwinks while you're try'd;
And, ſir, your head not quite ſo much aſide.
[*Offering to lift up the glaſs.*
Come, don't be frighten'd, harſhneſs I diſclaim;
Soft as the modified electric flame,
This ſubtle influence, though 'twould pierce a rock,
Shall play, not injure—I'll keep back the ſhock,
Now for it. [*Waving the glaſs over all the houſe.*] Culprits, your all detected! [*A long pauſe.*
Upon my word, better than I expected.
Save one fond pair, caught in a tender oath,
Sigh'd, look'd, return'd, and felt a fib in both.
Save wedded ſweetlings, mutually ſincere,
Who mean, 'My devil!' when they liſp 'My dear;'
Save certain ſmirks to cover peccadillos,
And keep all quiet on domeſtic pillows,
From high to low, from perriwig to feather,
More honeſt folks were never met together.
Yet hold—methought I ſaw—I vow I've got 'em—
O Lord! how near my eye the glaſs has brought 'em—
Two critics, with whole pocket-books of hints,
For FALSE APPEARANCE in to-morrow's prints;
For bard, and actors, comments falſe and true,
To mix with miniſters, and buff and blue,

Well,

Well, for the ſtage there's candour, tho' there's jeſt;
But will your private ſatire ſtand the teſt?
Look to that hint, ere with concentred rays
This burning glaſs ſets columns in a blaze,
Wit, whoſe dear eſſence never ſtains the paper,
Shall ſeparate and mount in pleaſing vapour:
But the black line drawn againſt real merit,
The coarſe thick virulence of party ſpirit;
The pen envenom'd, and the hand unknown;
Oh! what a ſmoke from ſulphur, all their own!
This touches few: the general point I yield;
For Falſe Appearance Britain is no field;
Witneſs this audience, ſo well off to-night,
Witneſs new audiences whom I invite.
Come for the proof of being what we ſeem,
And take my *fiat* for the world's eſteem.
Come crowds, and after crowds, nor dare denial,
On pain of being deem'd afraid of trial:
Come with true pride, with open boldneſs come,
You'll find me almoſt every night at home.

PROLOGUE *to the* FAMILY PARTY.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

STRANGE there's ſuch magic virtue in a name,
Which deals out cenſure, or diſpenſes fame!
And that a taking title tends to raiſe
Dreſs—Snuff—Quack-Medicines—Pamphlets—Peers and plays!
Brick-duſt call'd—Dentifrice, will current paſs;
And mutton ſuet for—*Pomade de Graſſe!*
Some cry, "Curruption undermines a nation,"
Start at a bribe, but touch a—compenſation.
Poor Lady Muzzy can't a dram endure;
Quite faints at brandy, but can ſip—*Liqueur*.

Thus,

Thus, a mere name can gild a nauſeous pill,
Enſlave our reaſon, and direct our will.

Since wide extends this empire of caprice;
Our author, ſurely, has miſcall'd his piece!
"The Family Party!" cries Sir Squander Daſh,
"Oh, 'tis ſome wretched matrimonial haſh,
"Where two poor devils whine and mope together,
"Loll—pick their teeth—look glum—and blame the weather."
As Lady Liſtleſs with her ſpoſo fits,
Stares full at nothing—nods, and ſtarts by fits:
While her gay Lord reclin'd on ſofa, lies!
Twirls round his watch-key—yawns and rubs his eyes.
Deſcending from the great—ſuppoſe we pop
Into the ſnug back parlour thro' the ſhop,
Where a faint twilight o'er the dingy room,
Peeps from the dirty pane's congenial gloom;
Old Grub, with warm plaid gown and velvet cap,
With dearee takes his after dinner nap:
Who joins in uniſon the ſocial doze,
And ſnores reponſive to his vocal noſe!
In bounces miſs from ſchool—flap goes the door—
Shook from the peg and rumpled on the floor,
Down drops papa's beſt wig—ſo ſpruce, ſo neat!
Freſh oil'd and powder'd for—churchwarden's ſeat!

Papa growls, but mama attends all glee,
While miſs, to crack'd guitar, ſqualls "Chere amie."
Pleas'd, cries mama, "What think ye, if to-day
"We take our Betſey with us to the play?
"Snug too, and ſociable—The Family Party."
"The Family Party! hold your tongue," ſays he,
"The very name, egad's, enough for me!
"I'm for what's new—no need abroad to roam
"For that dull farce we've play'd ſo long at home."

Thus, all ſay, Dullneſs with her leaden ſeal,
Marks for her own each party—*en famille:*

But

But if ſage critics condeſcend to ſhare
A poet's treat, none thinks of ſumptuous fare;
Bring candour with you, a moſt welcome gueſt,
To two ſlight diſhes, by no French cook dreſt!
With thoſe, our friends we gratefully invite
To our domeſtic Party here to-night.

PROLOGUE *to the Opera, called* The ISLAND of St. MARGUERITE.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

THIS night we celebrate a hero's fame,
Who liv'd we know not where, nor what his name;
Bourbon, Vermandois, Monmouth, and Beaufort—
All theſe are in the liſt, and many more.
Much paper, pens, and ink are ſpent to ſcan
This curious riddle—yet no mortal can,
Perhaps, becauſe that there was no ſuch man.
To fierce Biographers we leave that ſtrife,
We only anſwer for his mimic life.
What need we care, whether he liv'd in fact,
If he but lives throughout our ſecond act.
Yet all will gueſs, and each is in the right,
Some make him prince, ſome peer, ſome brown, ſome white;
Tho' few, I think, would know him well at ſight.
No matter who he was—the prologue's taſk
Is to put on, not to pull off the maſk.
Then let his viſage, wrapt in iron caſe,
As hard, as cold as any critic's face,
Here oft reviſit, clad in complete ſteel,
To ſpur and wet our almoſt blunted zeal,
To guard the bleſſings of our public weal.
Wiſely to guard that health which wants no cure,
Nor fancied ills to ſhun, true woes enſure,

No

No need for ſtrong reſtoratives we feel,
For cauſtic fire, or amputating ſteel.
Oh! bleſſed iſle, to whom by birth 'tis given,
To own the choiceſt gifts of bounteous heav'n;
Thou precious ſtone! ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Begirt with plenty, peace, and liberty;
Thou fortreſs, made by Nature's magic wand
To guard her children 'gainſt Infection's hand;
Oh! like the ſun thy warmth and light diſpenſe
With undiminiſh'd rays and influence.
Nations of Freemen, yet unborn, ſhall own
Thee parent of their rights. Thou! who alone,
By ſtorms ſurrounded, fix'd on Albion's rock,
With pity from on high, behold'ſt the ſhock
Of jarring elements—thyſelf at reſt,
Conſcious that thou above all nations bleſt,
Free from revolt alike, and ſlaviſh awe,
Art doubly ſafe where LIBERTY is law.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Spoken in the Character of Harlequin, by Mr. PARSLEY, *then of the Theatre Royal,* Norwich; *at the Theatre Royal at* Richmond.

For the Benefit of Mr. JOHNSTONE.

FROM Norwich to Richmond I came in a crack,
But from Richmond to Norwich how ſhall I get back?
There's ſtages, 'tis true, or the wind and the tide;
I'll ſtick to old cuſtoms, on a beſom I'll ride.
Before I go further, your faces I'll ſcan,
[*Looking at the audience.*
I ſee you're good-humour'd—ah! all to a man:
But firſt, it were juſt I the fair ones addreſs,
As a beau, and a ſtranger, I cannot do leſs;
Nay, frown not, I pray, at this dark-looking face,
[*Pointing to his maſk.*
For I, like the great, keep my own in a caſe;
And like ſome ladies too, if you'd know the truth,
Only their's hide their age, mine hides my youth:

This face is proof againſt all ſorts of weather,
Not a fine blooming red, but a black varniſh'd leather;
Tho' deſcended am I from an old motley tribe,
Who no places or penſion to ſpeak cou'd e'er bribe;
Yet good manners ſo much on the preſent age creep,
No longer I'm ſilent, I'll venture to peep.
[*Putting up his maſk.*
Good ladies, I'm yours—[*To the boxes*]—kind ſirs, your obedient, [*To the pit*]
To merit your favors is my next expedient;
[*To the gallery.*
Mr. Johnſtone to-night does to wonders aſpire,
And ſends for his friend to get into the fire.
[*Pointing to a hogſhead on fire.*
Oh, friendſhip, how warm and ſincere is thy flame,
When it glows with ſuch heat, who can ſay it's a name;
Oh ambition, how great, when we thirſt after praiſe!
Ambition may chance to ſet me on a blaze.
Adieu, my good friends, and you knights of the bow,
[*To the orcheſtra.*
Pray play a ſoft air, or a dance ere I go;
To your ſweet gentle ſtrains, thro' flames I'll my way pick,
And return back to Norwich, thro' fire by muſic.
[*Muſic plays briſk, he exits thro' the hogſhead on fire.*

PROLOGUE *to the* ADVENTURERS.

Spoken by Mr. WHITFIELD.

Written by a FRIEND.

TO point the ſhaft that, wing'd with humour, hits
The courtier's follies, and the humbler cit's,
Wide o'er the field dramatic, ſcribblers range,
From gay St. James's to the ſober 'Change;
Join Faſhion's circle, where my lady doats
On the ſoft warblings of Italian throats;
Or feaſt with thoſe on more ſubſtantial fare,
Where ſmoaking haunches taint the luſcious air;
'Till from the weeds, which choke a gen'rous ſoil,
Some curious non-deſcript repays the toil!

To-night a ſtripling, with advent'rous aim,
Draws a long bow, and ſhoots at flying game.
A reſtleſs roving groupe he brings to view,
Like birds of paſſage, to the ſportſman due;
Lets fly the ſhaft of mirth at thoſe who roam,
When every wiſh can beſt be crown'd at home!
Scarce has the bard his twentieth winter ſeen,
A ſprig of quick and forward growth, but green;
Let ſoft'ring zephyrs round the nurſling play,
And fan the bloſſom ſtruggling into day.
For you he writes, who love the free-born jeſt,
Without the aid of foreign cook'ry dreſt;
Prefer the ſcene, where native paſſions glow,
To Veſtris, turning on the pivot toe!
Not led by Faſhion's varying taſte to ſeek
Refin'd amuſement in a puppet's ſqueak;
But laugh when pleas'd, the ridicule is known
To point the joke at manners like your own.
Should critic pedants, lurking in the pit,
Thoſe ſhrewd inſpectors of dramatic wit,
Each error mark, expoſe him to default,
And ſwear he's ſmuggled all his attic ſalt;
By you, his judges, let his fame be clear'd,
And, ladies, ſpare him—till he gets a beard!

PROLOGUE *to* ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Written by Mr. MERRY.

And ſpoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

TO-night a ſtory of domeſtic woe
Shall cauſe the tear of ſympathy to flow,
Shall ſadly teach how bitter 'tis to prove
The rending pangs of unrequited love;
Shew Jealouſy's dire daring, and diſplay
How female virtue feels its own decay;
As when the queen of flowers in beauty born,
And cheriſh'd by the perfum'd breath of morn,
Finds in her troubled breaſt ſome canker-worm
Fix its fell teeth, and twiſt its venom'd form,

The mortal touch her ſick'ning ſenſe appals,
Sudden ſhe droops, yet bluſhes as ſhe falls.
The ſcene we bring before you Lillo drew,
And the diſaſters which he paints were true;
Then, if the brave ſhou'd ſigh, the fair ſhou'd melt,
'Twill be for ſorrows that were really felt.
And ſure, of all the emotions which excite
The vivid pulſe of anguiſh or delight,
Love reigns the chief.—An angel now he leads
His raptur'd vot'ries to the vernal meads,
Bids round their ſteps the ſweeteſt flow'rets riſe,
Tunes ev'ry ſtream, and brightens all the ſkies;
Wreaths the dear chaplet, rends the mutual glance,
And wraps the ſpirit in voluptuous trance;
Anon, a dæmon by the midnight flood,
He howls diſtracted, and he thirſts for blood.
Relentleſs furies ſeize upon his ſoul,
He lifts the dagger, tenders the death-bowl,
Drags his pale victims to the cavern's gloom,
Feeds on their hearts, and locks them in the tomb.
But from ſuch horrors now we've nought to fear,
Benignity with beauty triumphs here;
No ladies here ſend lovers to the grave,
They might condemn them, but they chooſe to ſave.
Their anger's mild, and gentle their decrees,
They even ſmile on thoſe who ſtrive to pleaſe.
Nor need I doubt of kindneſs, while around
Friends who ſo oft have favour'd me are found.
Ye, who can trace my firſt ambitious aim,
To win your plaudits, or eſcape your blame,
Think, when unhappy Arden meets the view,
And for Alicia dies, he lives for you.

PROLOGUE *to the* DRAMATIST.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. BERNARD.

IN this bleſt land, thro' ev'ry varying age,
Public and private life has had their rage.
In good King Arthur's days, with cumb'rous ſhield
The iron Champions pranc'd upon the field;

Relentleſs beauty bade the knights advance,
And bear the rage romantic on their lance.
From length of time this fury found its death,
And wiſer faſhions mark'd ELIZABETH.
Her modeſt dames were form'd of middle ſtuff,
But check'd preſumption by a monſtrous ruff,
Their breakfaſt rage all delicacy ſhocks—
Early they pick'd the pinion of an ox!
Then rode in ſtate behind the ſcepter'd fair
On horſeback—full as well as my Lord May'r.
Theſe modes, howe'er, are alter'd, and of late,
Beef, but not modeſty, is out of date;
For now, inſtead of rich ſurloins, we ſee
Green calipaſh, and yellow calipee.
Now ladies ſhine from phaetons afar,
And very ſoon, perhaps, may learn to ſpar.
At leiſure hours they work ſettees and chairs,
And waſte their youth on puddings—or on prayers.
As thus the manners differ, writers try
To trace the whimſical variety.
With obſervation juſt, and mirrour true,
Preſent each reigning folly to the view.

Yet hold, our author's ſcene all rage outgoes,
A new, eccentric character he ſhews;
No doughty Quixote, and no modern fighter,
A DRAMATIZING HERO—Play inditer,
One, who to gain applauſe, like wits in vogue,
Torments with prologue, or with epilogue:
At every houſe with incidents he meets,
And thinks he ſees proceſſions in the ſtreets;
In common life will unities expect—
Looks up in politics for ſtage effect;
And ſo miſled, that if his wife ſhould die,
"She's made a charming exit!" he would cry!

But let me not our comedy foreſtall,
Or court your judgment till the curtain fall:
Meanwhile we'll ſtrive your patience to beguile,
And win from lovelieſt lips the bright'ning ſmile;
Welcome th' approving luſtre as it flies
From this refulgent hemiſphere of eyes;
Such as it is, we give it to your view,
And truſt our cauſe to candour and to you.

EPILOGUE *to the Same.*

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, Eſq.

Spoken by Mr. LEWIS. *(As he advances, the curtain drops.)*

GADSO, I'm caught! the wags have ſhut me out:
But why? my part's to ſcribble, not to ſpout;
I could write epilogues for all who ſeek 'em;
But, may my play be damn'd if I can ſpeak 'em.—
"Die all! die nobly!" that's the plan my boys—
Fun, fire, and pathos; metre, mirth, and noiſe;
To make him die with laughter, or the hiccups,
Tickle your fav'rites, or ſmaſh your tea-cups,
Vapid's the man; have at you, great and ſmall—
Here will I ſtand, and dramatize you all.
Come forth my javelin *(pulls out a pencil)* ſtrike the aſtoniſh'd town;
Say, ſhall I write you up, or cut you down?
Nay, never tremble, gents—or ſlink away,
'Tis what we authors ſuffer ev'ry day.
Stop that thin Jemmy in the thickſet coat,
Him with the towel underneath his throat;
If ſo tied up, he plays the willing fool,
I'll hang him up at once to ridicule.
Perhaps t'will help to keep the lobby quiet,
And ſave it from its nightly noiſe and riot.
And you, my little madam in the bonnet,
Don't grin, I'll have you down, depend upon it;
For while ſo furbelow'd a ſcreen you keep,
Not one behind can get a ſingle peep.

S'blood! when my play appears, what crowds there'll be,
What an o'erflowing houſe methinks I ſee!
Here, box-keeper, are theſe my places? No—
Madam Van Bulk has taken all that row.
Then I'll go back—you can't—you can—ſhe fibs—
Keep down your elbows, or you'll break my ribs—
Zounds, how you ſqueeze, of what, d'ye think one made is?
Is this your wig, ſir? no, ſir, it's that lady's.
Then the ſide-boxes—what delightful rows,
Peers, poets, nabobs, Jews, and 'prentice beaux!

Alderman Cramp, a gouty rich old cit,
With his young bride ſo lovingly will ſit;
While a gay rake, who ſees the happy pair,
A bliſs ſo wonderful reſolves to ſhare.
He whiſpers, madam, you've a charming ſpouſe,
So neat in limb, and then ſo ſmooth his brows!
Sir, I don't underſtand you—what ſays dove?
Nothing, my duck, I'd only drop'd my glove—
To-morrow, at the fruit-ſhop, will you come?
At twelve o'clock—Lord, ſir, how you preſume!
Who's that that ſcroudges? you ſhan't ſhove my wife—
I ſhove her! a good joke upon my life!
Leave him to me—how dare you thus to treat me?
I dare do any thing if you'll but meet me.
Me meet a man? I ſhou'dn't have thought of you!
At twelve indeed—I can't get out 'till two.
Then all the parties, whether pleas'd or not,
Turn t'wards the ſtage and muſe upon the plot.
So catch the author at ſome that or therefore,
And praiſe or damn him without why or wherefore—

If ſuch friends cheriſh, or ſuch foes aſſail,
Who knows but ev'n my comedy may fail?
Should then my writing prove but time miſpent,
Let me but act to pleaſe, and I'm content.

SEXTUS QUINTILIUS. *A Burleſque Tragedy.*

Dramatis Perſonæ. { SEXTUS QUINTILIUS, / RIGDUM FUNIDUS.

The curtain riſes to ſee "The conquering hero comes;" diſcovers SEXTUS *ſeated on a table, at the end of the muſic he comes forward.*

Sextus. CROWNS have been as familiar to this brow as caps of flannel; frying-pans, ſauce-pans, warming-pans, and ſtew-pans have been melted down in honour to me, the great Sextus Quintilius, of Bantum King.

Enter

Enter RIGDUM FUNIDUS.

Rigd. O Sextus, Sextus, how comes this to paſs,
When e'er we meet you call me fool and aſs?
Sex. Who, I?
The man that ſpoke it told a lie.
Ridg. Lie to my teeth, thou daſtard!
Sex. Ah! is there ought in me that does the daſtard ſhew?
Rigd. Yea, when the ſenate ſent the hock of bacon,
Where were the beans you boaſted of.
Sex. You had your ſhare, or I'm miſtaken,
Ah, and amply too;
You eat ſo much, that you was forc'd to ſp-w.
Rigd. I ſp-w, I ſcorn ſo vile a trick,
I never ſp-w, tho' I'm e'er ſo ſick.
Sex. Thou lieſt, you eat as much as you was able,
Then like a beaſt caſcaded o'er the table.
Rigd. Ceaſe thy note,
Or by the gods I'll knock thy grinders down thy throat.
Sextus. [*Angrily.*] You'll find that no ſuch eaſy matter;
Rigd. [*Strikes him.*] Take that, ye dog, do you chatter?
Sex. [*Starts.*] Oh, ye gods, a blow! I'll box you for a crown.
Rigd. Enough, there's half the money down.
Sex. Ye gods, with juſt indignation now look down
And ſay, ſhall Sextus Quintillius do things by halves,
Rigd. Oh! Sextus, Sextus, we are two Eſſex calves.
Sex. That we are no doubt;
Rigd. Then why ſhould ſuch honeſt friends fall out,
Sex. Nay, then, why did you begin?
Rigd. Let peace henceforth reign,
We'll club our merry win, and make it up.
Sex. Say'ſt thou in what?
Rigd. In glorious gin,
Both. In glorious mighty gin.
[*Exit* Rigdum *in* Sextus's *arms.*

Cardinal WOLSEY's *Soliloquy on his Fall.*

FAREWEL, a long farewel to all my greatneſs:
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
His tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders
Theſe many ſummers, in a ſea of glory:
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of the rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile which we aſpire to,
That ſweet regard of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears, than war and women know;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

HAMLET's *Soliloquy on his Mother marrying his Uncle.*

OH that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixed
His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!——
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!

Muſt I remember——why, ſhe would hand on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think——frailty, thy name is *woman!*
A little month? or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why, ſhe, even ſhe——
(Oh heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) marrried with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married.——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dextery to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

OTHELLO's *Soliloquy on his Marriage.*

MOST potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love, what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Her

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſeiges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in the immipent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my bent to ſpeak. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs.
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it;—yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

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